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LELAND·STANFORD·JVNIOR·VNIVERSITY

THE

UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY,

Eastern Division,

OR,

THREE THOUSAND MILES IN A RAILWAY CAR,

By CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

STANFORD LIBRARY

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PREFACE.

The following pages contain the record of a journey made by a party of gentlemen from Philadelphia to Kansas and back, during the month of November, 1866. The object of the excursion was to examine the condition of the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division, to assemble in council, at Leavenworth, those who were specially interested in it, and to make such scientific and industrial researches along the route as might be of advantage to the enterprise. How this was effected has already been laid before the public in several prominent journals.

The writer has taken pains in these letters to depict, *as truthfully as possible*, his experience and impressions of this very interesting journey. As the condition of that grand national enterprise, the Pacific Railway, was the principal subject of discussion by the tourists, the facts thus evolved form, of course, the subject matter of the series. As for the rest, he has done his utmost to set forth how he and his friends passed their time during their trip of three thousand miles in a railroad car, and what were his real feelings at the time. His chief object in republishing these letters—written originally for *Forney's Press*, of Philadelphia—has been to express, in a collected and somewhat more durable form, a slight tribute of his gratitude to the gentlemen of the company to whose general kindness and personal courtesy he is indebted for having passed as pleasant a month as it was ever his fortune to enjoy.

Philadelphia, January 9, 1867. C. G. L.

THE WEST.

LETTER FIRST.

HARRISBURG, October 29, 1866.

A few years ago an excursion to Fort Riley, Kansas, seemed like a tour to the Russian Territory, or one of those half life-long jaunts which were indulged in by the old travelers, who, having no apprehension of being followed by any one, lied, of course, *at discretion*. Then the word for such a trip was "make your will." Then the most reckless traveler provided himself with long boots and many weapons, blankets and blue beads, pewter jewelry and nose rings, with whatever else might be fashionable among Indian belles and warriors. Then there were long farewells to newspapers and other delicacies of refined life. Then, in a word, Kansas was a distance of the first magnitude, and a danger of the tip-topmost order. Murder and robbery were apprehensible, for, in one word, travelers were Sharp-rifled.

And now what a change! This morning we left—a pleasant party of eleven—on our way to the terminus of the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division, at that Fort Riley, which was within sq short a time a mere Indian station, with a name rather more suggestive of scalps and treaties than of cheerful jaunts and treats. As the gentlemen of the company are in a great measure directly interested in the stupendous industrial enterprise which is to connect the two oceans by an iron girdle, and as they are well known in this relation, I take the liberty of giving their names. They are General William J. Palmer, well known during the war as one of the most efficient officers of the great Army of the Cumberland, Colonel of the famed Anderson Cavalry; Mr. Ed. Miller, Thomas A. Biddle, J. R. G. Hassard, of the New York *Tribune*, Captain W. F. Colton, Dr. John L. Leconte, Mr. John Browne, Casper Souder, of the *Evening Bulletin*, Strickland Kneass, and Theodore Cuyler. In addition to these,

other gentlemen interested in the Pacific Railroad will join us at different points as we progress. Our preparations, unlike those which would have been made a few years ago, are not more extensive than those which might be made for New York or any other not remarkably savage place. In fact, with the comfortable "directors' car," luxurious as that used by Louis Napoleon himself, (perhaps some of my readers have seen that *ne plus ultra* of locomotive comfort,) with a nest-like movable arm chair as our *least* comfortable resting-place, and with the pleasing assurance that we do not quit this car until we shall see the stone walls of Fort Riley—in fact, journeying as the gentleman of Addisonian fame wished he might, in smoking-cap and slippers, when so inclined—it will be seen that *the art of traveling* has now reached a high state of perfection indeed. When the reader reflects that this journey, accomplished in this style, takes us exactly to the centre of the North American Continent, and that it is now an almost foregone conclusion that the entire road will be completed within a few years, so that one may ride in his slippers from ocean to ocean, it will be seen what is meant by those magic words, "industrial progress." A phrase which I have heard defined by a humble student of Republican principles as meaning that "all the world should keep on having a better and better time."

An illustration of a minor branch of industrial progress met my eye on the "Pennsylvania Central," in the form of a splendid stone villa, such as is called a *cottage ornée* in England, a *chateau* in France, and a *Schloss* in Germany, which, as I am informed, is built entirely from paper shirt collars. I have seen in my time a handsome house, with double coach-house, which was made of shoe blacking; half a dozen gentlemen's mansions which owed their structure to oil; one beautiful mass of Gothic towers which were literally erected from cards—(a card-house, in fact), and one palatial pile of buttons. Yet paper shirt collars will build more than this. When a single *improvement* in such a comparative trifle sells for three hundred thousand dollars, it can be seen that they can build up fortunes.

Another and truly magnificent item of industrial progress may be seen further on the same road, in the Pennsylvania Steel Works, three miles east of Harrisburg, where steel is to be manufactured by the Bessemer process. It is nothing remarkable for palaces to be erected to labor in these days, and the grand proportions of this building are such that with due ornament it would not seem inferior to the proudest of our city edifices. Simple in details as it is, this building must impress a refined taste as one of the most beautiful of its kind in America.

LETTER SECOND.

CRESTLINE, OHIO, October 31, 1866

Although my readers have doubtless heard for many years of the great Pacific Railroad, which is to connect the two shores of the North American Continent, it is more than probable that the majority have a very imperfect idea of the plan on which it is being constructed; and, in fact, it would be difficult for any one who has not made a specialty of the subject to be familliar with it, since some of its most important features are of a very recent introduction. Let me endeavor, then, so far as it is in my power, to convey, within brief limits, a sketch of its present condition, passing over the early efforts made to establish it, and the enormous expenses and many errors which were incurred or involved before anything like a practical plan, corresponding to the real wants of the whole country, was adopted.

GENERAL SCHEME.

The Pacific Railroad, in its present condition, may be rudely compared to a pitchfork, of which the portion west of the Rocky Mountains, or the California branch, forms the handle, and the Omaha and the Kansas, or rather the northern and southern roads now building east of the Rocky Mountains, are the tines. By their acts of incorporation, these roads are, however, distinguished with singular lack of inventiveness, the one as the Union Pacific Rail-*road* and the other as the Union Pacific Rail-*way*, Eastern Division. As regards the latter distinctive name, I am quite of the opinion of a writer in the Pittsburg *Gazette*, that it might more properly be at present called the Southern Division. As another route to the south of this is being planned, it will probably be known eventually as the Central Road. It has again been suggested that, as it will form the most direct route across the continent, it could well be called the Continental. Owing to the similarity in names, some confusion has arisen in the public mind as regards these two roads now being built to the east of the Rocky Mountains.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD—OR OMAHA ROUTE.

Let the reader take up the latest maps—say those in "Appleton's Guide"—and he will see that from Omaha, on the Mississippi River, there is a railroad running westward, partly on the Nebraska and Platte River. This is the Union Pacific Railroad, which is principally owned in New York and New England. The president of this road is the well known General Dix, while among those prominent in its management are the Hon. Mr. Ames, of Massachusetts, John B. Alley and Thomas C. Durant. It is intended, by the provisions established by Congress, that

this Company shall build a railroad from Omaha towards the Pacific Ocean, until it meets the Central Pacific Road of California, now traveling rapidly towards it from the West on the other side of the Rocky Mountains.

The following extract sets forth the relations of this road with the routes east of the Missouri, which are most nearly connected with it, yet which are not as yet completed: "There are five of these roads. 1. The Cedar Rapids and the Missouri River. 2. The Mississippi and Missouri Railroad, which is the Iowa arm of the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad. 3. The Burlington and Missouri River Railroad, which is the Iowa arm of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. 4. The Council Bluffs and St. Joseph Railroad, connecting with the Hannibal and St. Joseph and Northern Missouri, from St. Louis. 5. The Dubuque and Sioux City Railroad, which is pointing that way. Two of these connections will probably be made during the course of the next summer. In addition, the American Central Railway has been projected, which is to run on an air line from Fort Wayne to Omaha."

This "Omaha Road" is at present three degrees and twenty minutes farther to the west than its more southern rival, but this advantage is counterbalanced by the unfinished state of the roads which are to connect it with the East. As regards climate and the impediments incident to winter travel, it compares with the more southern or Union Pacific Railway road much as the railroads of Canada and New England compare with those of Pennsylvania. Whether the fears once entertained of the tremendous snow drifts said to abound in Nebraska are well founded, remains to be seen; it is, however, to be hoped that, like many of the other bug-bears once raised by croakers against the Pacific Railroad, they are without reason.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY.

It is at Wyandotte, on the Missouri River, not far from Kansas City, that the Union Pacific Railway—that which we are now *en route* to visit—actually begins. By reference to the railroads lying towards the East, it will be seen that its affinity with our own city, Philadelphia, is very direct, owing to its direct connection with the so-called Pacific Road of Missouri, which intersects the last named State. It cannot fail to interest the reader to know something of this Missouri Road, which forms, as it were, an introduction to the Pacific Railroad proper.

This latter track, in fact, directly unites the Pacific Road in question with St. Louis. The Pacific Railroad of Missouri is built by a State organization, and extends from St. Louis to the east line of Kansas, by Kansas City and Wyandotte; at which place, as I have stated, it joins

or runs into the "Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division," now making a single route from St. Louis to Fort Riley, very nearly the centre of the American Continent. There is at present one defect as regards a continuous connection to be found in the fact that this Pacific Railroad of Missouri has the remarkable gauge of *five feet and six inches*, while that of the Union Pacific, in both the Omaha and Fort Riley Roads, is of four feet eight inches and a half, the same as that of the Pennsylvania Central, and all the connecting roads between Pittsburg and Omaha. It is thought by experienced engineers that this will eventually become the generally adopted guage for all railroads in America. To obviate this difference of guage it is intended to build along the line of the Missouri Pacific Railroad a *third* track of the four-eight-and-a-half gauge. In fact, this is the only link now wanting in the entire connection between Philadelphia and Fort Riley, and its completion is a foregone conclusion. There are, it is true, two other differences of gauge on the intermediate and connecting roads; but these are overcome by running cars with the so-called broad-tread wheels; that is to say, wheels with a surface so broad as to run on roads of a different gauge. When the mountain will not go to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain; and when the railroad is too broad for the wheel, the wheel must be made broad enough to suit the road. It is in fact by following this principle that we of the Fort Riley excursion are accomplishing our tour without a change of cars for such an immense distance. I shall return, in my next, to this subject of the Union Pacific Railway.

ON THE ROAD.

We are now whirling along through Ohio, Massillon being the last town which we passed, and I am glad to be able to chronicle that a pleasanter party probably never went by rail through the Buckeye State. From the Pittsburg *Chronicle*, of this morning, I learn that an excursion of prominent railway officials and distinguished citizens, composed of friends of the Union Pacific Railway, from New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Missouri, arrived in that city this morning, *en route* to Fort Riley, via Leavenworth. The excursionists, adds my authority—in whom, by the way, I place confidence—left Philadelphia yesterday morning, in elegant "silver-palace sleeping cars, and after remaining here a short time, proceeded on their way to Quincy, Illinois, by way of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railway, thence they cross the Mississippi to Leavenworth, and thence to Fort Riley. At Leavenworth the St. Louis delegation will join the excursionists." To which, in the words of Brantome, I earnestly respond *ainsi soit il*—or, with the less illustrious Dow, "so mote it be."

LETTER THIRD.

I am now writing "on the road," on the morning of October 31, 1866, flying across Illinois at extra speed.

One of the items of greatest interest at present, from an industrial point of view, is the Chicago-lake tunnel. Many years ago it was a subject of complaint that the water drank in Chicago was not drinkable, which may account for the fact that the inhabitants of that enterprising city were so unanimous in letting it alone. Strangers, who passed weeks in the place, often departed with distinct recollection of the quality of many stronger fluids, but the most rigid overhauling of the memory failed to supply any reminiscence of *aqua pura*, or H. O. Small fishes formed a frequent and unpleasant ingredient, and mud added a flavor by no means conducive to temperance. Finally it was declared that the complexion of the Chicago ladies was greatly injured by the fluid. Newspapers in rival and envious towns attempted to make it proverbial for untransparency, and suggested that *rouge* and *emails* were at a premium in the Garden City. Then the Garden-citizenesses became indignant, and of course something had to be done. The result was the digging of a stupendous tunnel, one compared to which

> "The wonderful tunnel
> Of great Mr. Brunel,"

which runs under the Thames, is only a trifle. I say this on the authority of the London *Times*, which declared this Chicago enterprise to be "the greatest feat of engineering of modern times."

One of the first objects pointed out to me this morning was the building, two miles out from shore, which covers the "crib," or covering of the lake end of the tunnel. Under this there is a descent of seventy feet into what a visitor has described as a pandemonium of dirt and darkness. In this pandemonium the great work advances which is to give purity to Chicago coffee, and light to the eyes and complexions of Chicago. As I write, this morning, only two hundred and fifty feet remain uncompleted of the stretch of two miles which intervenes between the two shafts of the great tunnel under Lake Michigan. An item in the Chicago *Tribune*, of to-day, declares that at the ordinary distance of twenty-five feet per day, this distance would be went through in about eleven days, but that time will be extended to about nineteen days, owing to an accident which occurred on Monday. So the work will proceed a little more slowly from the western end, the workmen on that section having the honor of finishing what they begun.

It is needless to say that the people of Chicago have watched the progress of this great work, which reflects such credit on their unbounded

and proverbial enterprise, with intense interest. It is the common topic of conversation, and its progress forms a subject of constant inquiry. Like the great organ of Boston, it is set forth to all strangers with no little pride. Fortunately, it is a topic of such general interest that no one has as yet thought of saying, as "Martial in London" did some thirty years ago, in Blackwood, of its predecessor under the Thames, that it was a great bore—"the greatest London ever knew—and that was saying a great deal."*

THE PALACE CAR.

A remarkable subject of interest, which our party examined this morning, was the City of Chicago—not the metropolis itself, but its reflection, as regards splendor and enterprise, in a "sleeping car" of that name, which runs on the "Illinois Central." This car cost twenty thousand dollars, and is said to be cheap at the price. Every comfort which can be placed in such a vehicle is to be found between its wooden walls. The seats, the sides of the car and the ceiling are exquisitely adorned in *marquetrie* or inlaid woods, while the gilded glass frames, in *ormolu*, and the general tone of color, are truly artistic. It is heated by a separate furnace beneath, and its lounges and mirrors, with every other luxury, make it in fact a rolling palace. Not less remarkable is the corresponding seat-car for day passengers, which surpasses in splendor, and still more in comfort, any car which I have ever seen on an Eastern road. There is yet another car, which cost *thirty thousand dollars*, which I did not see, but which was described as a miracle of its kind. Luxury and enterprise are advancing with rapid steps in the West. It is said that the most costly diamonds, the richest laces and the finest cashmeres sold in Broadway or Chestnut streets, find their way, for the most part, to these ultramontane towns. Perhaps in this rapid action of expenditure, as well as acquisition, we may find one of the leading causes of the active growth of every industrial interest in the West.

In fact, the West may yet turn the tide of manufacture against the East. I observed yesterday, near Massillon, some thirty reaping machines marked for an Eastern destination. At Massillon, Canton and the immediately adjoining towns, there is an extensive manufacture of reaping machines, of which, as I was informed, no inconsiderable quantity is sent Eastward.

No one who has not seen Chicago can imagine the life, the enterprise—

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* On second thoughts, I believe that "Martial" said something else about the tunnel, and that somebody else said this. The learned professor of a century hence, who may devote himself to commenting on this stupendous work, is hereby politely requested by the author to settle the question.

in a word, the incredible *vitality*—which seem to inspire its every detail. It is said that no city grows so rapidly; the lines of houses increase so quickly that it is almost impossible to renew the street paving so as to make it fit for use, worn as it is by ever-increasing travel. Such, at least, is the local legend, and I am almost inclined to believe it when I witnessed in the principal thoroughfare a rush of travel equal to that on Broadway.

THE PRAIRIE.

As we are now passing by the towns of Leland and Mendota, we see around the largest prairie without trees in this portion of the Union. Like the sea, these infinite "earth oceans" give no idea from description. One must pass hour after hour, even in a swiftly-darting railroad train, and then, little by little, the immense uniformity—the grand monotone, which, in its repose, surpasses in one charm all variety—gradually steals over the mind. I have heard Ole Bull speak in this strain of the charm of the prairies and of the spell of its solitude, both in music and in words. It is like the wonderful attraction of the desert, which seems at first so dull, and then in time becomes so fascinating. I believe that all poets have invariably found a more magical attraction in the single uniform beauty of the ocean than in all the variety of the mountains.

It was in this region, a few stations further back, that our party, feeling themselves far enough out West to be generally expansive, began to practice the salutary and invigorating national custom of making speeches to the natives of the divers small towns through which we passed—addressing them from the platform of the car. My boon companion and "best of bricks"—he of the *Tribune*—honored be his name in Gotham!—aided by the wild outcries of Colonel Palmer and the genial Miller, insisted that the inhabitants of Leland should be addressed by "one of them," which was done accordingly by him of the name. *That* speech is, I believe, somewhat extant and written, (for the *Tribune* stood by us as a reporter and took notes, while the joyous band of excursionists zealously hurrahed and encored,) but, as I remember, it ran thus:

"Men of the city that is getting to be, of Leland [immense cheers]:—In the three men and two boys now before me [cheers] I behold [bully for you!] a joyous sample of that glorious Western greatness [frightful and appalling hurrahs]—and long may it wave! [Hey—hurrah!] I have been complimented [ki—i—i!]—I may say, overwhelmed—with the assertion that this splendid settlement [deafening applause]—this wondrous *ranchus ranchorum* [cheers]—derived its name from the Humble Individual now before you. [Hoo! hoop! hurrah! bully for you!] Yet, when I look around at the inexhaustible resources of Nature open before me [tremendous cheers]—when I behold this level, I may say this *lea land* in the infinite prairie, then I recognize the true origin of this our name. [Admiring remark from oldest inhabitant: "Wall, I should'nt wonder if that *was* the way the town came by its name."] Having swung thus far around the circle, I

give the Constitution into your hands [groans]—and the flag, with all its thirty-six stars [frightful hisses]—and would mention that, having risen from an alderman [howls], I would like to know why you don't hang Thad. Stevens? [Diabolical hoots.] And as I do not waste my ammunition on dead ducks [signs of a personal attack], I hereby invite you, in the name of the Pacific Rail Way, to step in and take an elevator."

Here there was a tremendous and bewildering storm of applause, and the inhabitants of the town rushed wildly up and began to climb the steps. But at that critical instant the whistle blew—the bell rung!—our guests tumbled back to save their lives, and amid tumultuous cheers, we left the joyous and republican town of Leland.

LETTER FOURTH.

THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILWAY.

A great English engineer once declared that rivers were intended, in the ultimate and eternal fitness of things, to feed navigable canals. In like manner, an enthusiastic American asserted that prairies were made by Providence for railroads. In fact, the dead level around us, as I write, and the arrow-like straightness of the track behind show that these steppes of the West are destined to a wonderful development, so far as it can be accomplished by transit; and what more does a country need, save that and a good climate and soil, to become infinitely prosperous? These advantages are enjoyed in an eminent degree by the Pacific Railway, which it is now our mission to visit. It possesses within its grants the richest lands in America, and has, between Wyandotte and the mountains, the best and easiest basis of construction of perhaps any railroad in America. This reflection, induced by the prairie, recalls the extremely liberal and fortunate conditions under which this road is endowed.

To each of the two roads which, when completed, will form the this-side of the Rocky Mountains portion of the Pacific Railroad, Congress has given in bonds sixteen thousand dollars, payable in Government bonds upon the conclusion of each mile. Over and above this, which is of course quite inadequate to pay for the road, the company receives

every "alternate section of public land, designated by odd numbers, to the amount of ten alternate sections per mile on each side of the said railroad on the line thereof and within the limits of twenty miles on each side of said road not sold, reserved, or otherwise set aside by the United States, or to which a pre-emption or homestead claim may not have attached at the time the line of the road is definitely fixed." The only exception to this is in the Delaware reservation, where, instead of alternate sections, the company receives two hundred and fifty thousand acres of land, and in the Pottawottamie country, of which they have three hundred thousand. Every traveler who has seen this land has praised its extraordinary fertility. In a few years these grants alone will fully equal in value the entire Eastern Division of the road. To the speculator, and still more to the actual settler, the great line of the Central Pacific Railway is said, by the most impartial judges, to present inducements very far surpassing any other of the kind in America. It is, in fact, easy to comprehend that when the land is of unsurpassed fertility, and the inhabitants of unsurpassed enterprise, the world's most rapid settlement must indubitably be along the line of the world's greatest railroad.

It will, therefore, be understood that the Central Railroad and the Railway are in no hurry to meet. The longer either makes its road the more land does it get and the more subsidy. Whichever has the longest track is of course the best endowed. The reader will readily understand that it is better for the country that this should be so. Two roads are better than one, so far as settling the country is concerned. In a statement on this subject, I find that the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division, was originally empowered to construct its track from the western terminus of the Missouri Pacific Railroad at Kansas City, at the eastern boundary of Kansas, to an intersection of the Union Pacific Railroad (the Omaha route) on the one hundredth meridian.

By an Act of Congress, passed at the last session, the company constructing this road was authorized to connect with the "Union Pacific" at any point between the one hundredth degree of longitude and the longitude of Denver, Colorado, which is a trifle west of the one hundred and fifth meridian. The proviso attached to this permission is that the said company shall be entitled to only the same amount of the bonds of the United States to aid in the construction of this line of railroad and telegraph as they would have been entitled to if they had connected their line with the Union Pacific Railroad on the one hundredth degree of longitude. This, says my authority, raises a conjecture in the minds of all who are familiar with the map of North America, *whether they mean to connect at all.* The engagement has been published, but the marriage is at present

indefinitely postponed. The one hundredth meridian is the material point for intersection, if such a result *was* designed. But if the grant of Congress, particularly in lands, is so liberal, and the prospects of a thriving population, such as *now* crowds into the West along the line of these roads, is so good as to warrant the speedy completion of two independent roads, the public have no reason to regret it. "Half the land contained in a belt forty miles wide, and long enough to span two-thirds of the continent, is an inducement of no trifling magnitude."

OUR EXCURSION.

At present we are flying at wild-duck speed through Illinois, still in the prairies. I cannot avoid here paying a tribute (which I foresee I shall renew so often as I recall this very agreeable excursion) to our host in charge, General William J. Palmer, Treasurer of the Union Central Pacific Railway, and other gentlemen interested in the road. Every form in which hospitality, under the peculiar circumstances of our travel, could be manifested, has been shown us, and every attention lavished in a spirit of genial and gentlemanly kindness, which I have never seen outdone. It is not merely in doing everything for their guests, but in knowing how to do it, that these gentlemen excel. Thus far our excursion has been in the highest degree agreeable, and should it end as happily as it has begun, it will form one of the brightest incidents in our life. As for our general social meetings, where mirth and song prevail, to induce various sports at various grades, *they* are numerous, and marked 12t. p. d. d. t. f.—a chemical formula used by savans and other soap-makers to indicate "twelve times a day, and every day until further notice." And some there be who, at those silver flashing hours of dulcitude, do call aloud to John, the steward, for that imperial nectar which rusheth forth pearl-foaming white, then sinks to a silent, golden glory, that liquid which

> Llamar yo nectar divino
> Y a quien otros llaman vino
> Porque nos VINO del cielo;

called champagne, champagna, or tschampanski, in different lands, and in all it answers, pop! Eating, too, there is of divers dainties, and smoking Cabanas, whereafter cometh the story and many a song of ye olden tyme. And the one last sung was as follows, and it was called forth thus: There sat upon the platform of a depot a curly white poodle with a black nose. And it was affirmed that this spot was "a lick with a tar brush," which

others denied. "For," said they, "*why* should any body anoint his nose with tar—*cui bono ?*" And here the answer came in :

WHY HE DID IT.

AIR—PRIMA DONNA WALTZ.

Eh Jean Battis'—pourquoi ?
Eh Jean Battis'—pourquoi ?
Eh Jean Battis'—what for you gris
My leetle dog's nos' wiz tar ?

ANSWER—*Triumfando.*

I gris 'is nos' wiz tar, be gar !
I gris 'is nos' wiz tar, be gar !
I gris 'is nos' wiz tar, be gar !
Because he 'ave von gr' rand catar'r'rh.

REPLY—*Irresistibly persuasive.*

Eh Jean Battis' c'est bien,
Eh Jean Battis' c'est bien,
Eh Jean Battis' I'm glad you gris
Ze nos' of my leetle *chien.*

LETTER FIFTH.

MISSOURI, ON THE ROUTE, Nov. 1, 1866.

WESTERN BOYS.

"Wouldn't I like to be a goin' to Kansas in that crowd ! Them fellers has a car to themselves, and every man his own arm chair, round loose. I just looked into the other end, and I seed such a lot of vittels and bottles and everything nice—*who' up !* Just insert me in *thar*, an' I'd travel to the end of the yearth."

Such was *verbatim* and *pronunciatim* the speech which I heard delivered yesterday by a youthful Sucker or Illinoisyan, to a party of sympathizers of the juvenile persuasion, who were earnestly examining our car and party from an outside position.

"What's that railing all around the end for, Bill ?" inquired a sub.

"That's to keep the children from falling off," replied William, with special reference to the three six-footers of the Union Pacific Railway, who happened to be at that instant on the platform. This remark of course

elicited an immediate delivery of the flag of the United States, with all the thirty-six stars and the Constitution, into the hands of the population of Mendota, a ceremony which is now usually performed on most trains along the route lately traveled by the President, and which, far from losing point by reputation, is invariably received with shouts of applause. I have observed at all the stations a frankness and ease on the part of the youthful population of the West, differing materially from the rustic sheepishness and modesty usually found in country boys elsewhere. The William just referred to, when asked where was the Mayor of Mendota? replied that she "was in the stable," with a promptness which promised a future Nasby or Artemus Ward. They are not, as a rule, a well dressed race, these children of the prairie, but they appear to be remarkably well fed, and not badly taught, to judge by the school-books which the younger scions carry.

It is not remarkable that the Western boy should be bold and independent. Every youth who enjoys health and strength knows that his farm is ready laid out for him somewhere—a farm of deep, rich black soil, such as is unknown even in the fertile wheat lands of Pennsylvania. A small capital is more readily accumulated here, where labor is very well paid, than in any other agricultural country, and with a very small capital one may occupy a very large farm. With an education such as is freely given to every boy, he is qualified to employ others, to make speeches, to speculate, to be rich. If the course of many a western lad is like that of a prairie chicken, always up and down, it will, nevertheless, be found that, like prairie chickens, they are generally pretty fat at last.

A WESTERN CROWD.

The passengers "bound West" who were this morning clustered on the ferry-boat at Quincy, Illinois, were extremely characteristic of the country. There were representatives of Eastern capital, of immense railroad interests, and of the press, in our own party. Around us chattered a motley group, in which the sweet Irish brogue made a "crockery concert" with the broad South German accents of emigrants from Swabia and Bavaria. Two or three half-breed Indians, who would have excited no attention whatever in the China Straits, so much did they resemble Malays, stood by themselves, conversing in a many monosyllabled language, while not far off was a large party that, during the war, would have passed for a synod of guerrillas which had been captured while holding a representative bushwackers' convention. Every man had his rifle; fur caps of domestic appearance suggested the backwoods, and one or two had on overcoats all of fur. Two years ago, such an assembly on

a country road in Tennessee would have made a solitary feel cool about the feet, horseless between the knees, and overcoatless and penniless all over. Now we are in happier times, let us trust that neither Satan nor Andrew Johnson may ever be so far unchained as to let loose again the horrors which characterized the great rebellion.

THE SCENERY.

We are now in Missouri, on the Hannibal and St. Joseph's Railroad. Those who have at hand a map may find thereon the town of Palmyra, which we have not long passed. The Palmyra of old has no point in common with this Western city in reserve. The one *was*, the other is yet to be, great. This passion for great Oriental names of towns is a remarkable characteristic of our new country, and we are bearing them westward at a rate which, if continued, will bring them round to the original spots. If the Yankee should ever cross the Pacific, and extend his sway to the East, nothing is more likely than that some "school marm" or itinerant editor, when asked for a name for a new settlement on the site of ancient Babylon, may, by chance, unconscious of the coincidence, suggest the old name, out of Revelations, as having a good Scriptural sound.

As I look up from my writing, I see an immensity of unbroken prairie on either side, more absolutely level, houseless, treeless and fenceless than anything of the kind which has as yet met my eyes. An immense flock of prairie hens, scared by the locomotive, rise, skim along the grass and stubble, and settle, as if earth were far more congenial to them than air. On looking closely, I see that a portion of it has been burned over. There are autumnal burnings, and spring burnings, according to the requirements of the soil, so that in prairie lands "burning over" forms a regular portion of agricultural economy. In fact, all along our route we have had magnificent fire-spectacles. In Pennsylvania, the manufacturing towns by night afforded splendid sights, which vividly recalled Domdaniel, the magician's city of fire, far in the centre of the earth, as described by the Eastern *illuminati;* or still more, those strange old pictures of Hell, by Jerome Bosch, the predecessor of Hœllenbreughel, in which flames rise sadly, strangely and eternally from the windows and *croisées* of old towers against the last depth of night. Such are precisely the artistic "effects" of the flaming chimneys of a manufacturing town as seen by the traveler. Another parallel was suggested by a more practical, though not less picturesque, experience. It was once my fortune to be in camp one night, and "on guard," between the forces of Lee and Meade. From the position where I was I could see the camp-fires of two vast armies—some far up on heights, others down in hollows, or on

level ground, in a vast array, as of twinkling stars on earth. This was another close parallel to the factory fires. But the prairie on fire is something different from all of this. Insignificant by day, like the hero of Quevedo's strange story, by night it rises in dignity and splendor. Many years ago I saw a picture by Catlin, which has been reviewed in life within five minutes as I write. It represented a prairie on fire by day. The bounding antelopes and buffalo, it is true, are not in sight, but the scenery, and the long line of creeping fire, are the same as in the painting.

CAR LIFE.

This is now the fourth day which we have spent in the cars, and with the exception of a six hours' rest at Quincy, Illinois, we have not quitted our rolling home at any time except for thirty minutes, at Altoona, Crestline and Chicago, for a hurried meal, by way of variety, from the very excellent bill of fare in our own establishment. To those who have never traveled uninterruptedly for many days in the cars, it would be difficult to explain how soon the different portions of a single vehicle expand to the rooms of a house or the wards of a small city. The platform becomes our practical out of doors, our street, where we get the fresh air, while the train ahead connected with ours, full of unknown individuals, is the down-town part of human nature, reported by the younger members of our railroad family not to be without pretty girls, but of which we know nothing. They, poor limited creatures, go with us only a few hundred miles at best, and our car came from Philadelphia, and is bound for Kansas!

We have our car habits all fixed, of going to bed, and sleeping, and rising. We have our car meetings and our special retirings, each to his favorite corner to read, sleep or write. I know where to look for either of our captains, and where the representative of the mighty *Tribune* is to be seen consulting maps and books, or extracting information by conversation. Here is my carpet-bag corner; there my blanket nest. *Here* I always write, and the front "room" is the Club. I find, in fact, that after a few days humanity adapts itself to narrow conditions with wonderful facility. I believe that, if it should be announced to me that the rest of my natural life must be spent in the cars, I should not regard it as any particular abnormal change, so far as mere physical habitude is concerned. I remember once meeting in the Old World a Queen's courier, who expected to remain forty days and forty nights at full speed on the road. The prospect seemed to me in those days most terrible, but I now understand that that courier possibly had a very jolly time of it; full of little comforts, agreeable rests and pleasing varieties. And so we go on the way. Possibly yonder flight of wild ducks, flying like a V, pointing to the south, have their own regular habits and settled ways while on the feather.

LETTER SIXTH.

LEAVENWORTH, November 2, 1866.

The excitement caused not only along the line of our route, but in fact over a considerable portion of the great West, by the excursion of our party from Philadelphia to Fort Riley, has been truly remarkable. The attentions which we have received have been many and most gratifying. Everything which could be done, not only by General Palmer, treasurer of the road, but by the superintendents of the various routes, was so done as to deserve the highest praise. At St. Joseph several gentlemen, among whom I record with pleasure Mr. Meade, superintendent of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Road, treated us as honored guests. *Inter alia*, I would not pass over a supper given us at the railway station in the latter town, which would have done credit to the best hotel in any Atlantic city. Among other items of travel, I should mention that to show us the speed of their engines, we passed in ten minutes seven and a half miles between Hamilton and Kidder, in Missouri. During the greater part of our transit on the "Hamilton and St. Joe" road we traveled at the rate of forty-five miles per hour.

The reception at Leavenworth was, however, of the most gratifying nature. At this point were assembled a very great proportion of all the capitalists, engineers, contractors and others interested in the Pacific Railway—a meeting which may be said to have excited attention through all that very extensive portion of the vast West which expects to be benefitted by this colossal enterprise. Having been installed in the Planters' House, we were speedily made the recipients of every attention and kindness from a delegation of the principal citizens of the town. About fifty friends of the members of the company, including many ladies, having joined us at Leavenworth, we presented a glorious array. Carriages were soon provided for our accommodation, and we were taken out to view the fort—a picturesque and most comfortable-looking military station. Beyond the fort we descended to view one of the loveliest landscapes which I have ever beheld. It was in many respects much like the views about Lenox, Massachusetts, and, strange to say, almost as cultivated and refined in its softer features. In studying the rich sweeps of fields, dotted with far-away farm-houses, and well fenced, which covered the valleys, it seemed impossible to realize that, fifteen years ago, this had all been unbroken wilderness, with only here and there the smoke curling up from some Indian hut. In fact, on the distant and beautiful Pilot Knob before us, we were told that an Indian mound of great size still stands. In the golden-brown Indian Summer, tinted like the hair and eyes of dreamy light of a beautiful woman by Giorgione or Palma Vecchio, the waving

hills and blending sky melted, as Gifford would have melted them, in a mystery, yet which hid nothing. A glance—and then back to real life. On returning, we passed the house before which General Lane killed himself with a pistol. Our driver, a true Southwestern-looking youth, in a Santa Fe sombrero, dryly remarked of this that "he had made a bad shot."

An excellent dinner awaited us at the hotel, a dinner of many luxuries, in no respect differing from the best at the Continental. At its conclusion a few speeches, mostly brief and humorous, were delivered, and an occasional toast. At its conclusion a more formal meeting took place, when, after a regular introduction of the Eastern delegates present to those of the West, by Mr. Budd, of St. Louis, tributes were paid to the services rendered by different gentlemen, (many of whom were present,) to the great undertaking in which all were engaged. A cordial welcome was extended by Mr. Vaughan, of St. Louis, to all, and a short address by Mr. Thomas A. Biddle, exceedingly felicitous in its allusions, was extremely well received. General Price, in turn, remarked upon the different phases of the enterprise, as did also Mr. Gilpin, ex-Governor of Colorado, brother of Hon. H. D. Gilpin, of Philadelphia. Addresses of an extremely interesting character, setting forth the whole history of the road, its condition and prospects, were then made by Mr. E. Miller, (a gentleman to whose courtesy and kindness the guests of the excursion are under every obligation,) Mr. Shoemaker, Mr. Meier, of St. Louis, and Mr. Copley, of the Pittsburg *Gazette*, who, in turn, called on Mr. J. R. G. Hassard, of New York. This latter gentleman replied in a very felicitous speech, in which he remarked, in reference to the West, that he had long been desirous of studying it in person, but he had begun to despair of being able to catch up with what seemed to fly before him like an *ignus fatuus*. At Pittsburg they spoke of Chicago as being out West; at Chicago they referred him to St. Joseph, Missouri; and at St. Joseph his coachman asked him still if he was going West. And here in Leavenworth men still looked two thousand miles towards the setting sun, and spoke of a West still in America. This address, which was well received, "was followed by others from Mr. Charles G. Leland and Mr. Perry." Mr. Archer, of St. Louis, communicated several interesting data in reference to the building of the road, when the meeting adjourned, followed, it is true, by many private meetings and discussions among the members. A hop in the hotel, for the amusement of those who were susceptible to the charms of ladies' society, closed the evening—or, I may say, will close it, for I hear the tones of an excellent band lending the music as I write.

Thus ended the great meeting of the managers of the Central Pacific Railway, held at Leavenworth, Kansas, on October 2, 1866—a meeting toward which attention had been called for many weeks by almost every journal from Pittsburg to Colorado, and which, as regards the magnitude of the enterprise concerned, and the influence and wealth of almost all the "men of the road" concerned in it, was the most important ever held in that immense proportion of the West whose trade lies through St. Louis and Leavenworth.

A few—and, in fact, a very few—of the items of interest evolved at this meeting, which I transcribe from my hasty notes, in reference to the affairs of the Pacific Railway between Wyandotte and Fort Riley, are as follows:

Of the *Missouri* Pacific Railway, (all in the State of Missouri,) there were built since July, 1865, 64 miles of road from Warrensburg to Kansas City. This road is now doing a business of $240,000 per month.

The Union Pacific Railway has now subscribed a capital of $5,100,000. They have paid $3,100,000, and not put a single bond upon the market. On the 1st of December next there will be paid $560,000. The road is now without a dollar of floating debt. They have at present contracts for 15,000 tons of iron, to be all delivered by April, and have 2,500 tons in transit.

The iron for this road is made principally at the Cambria Iron Works, at the Superior Works at Pittsburg, at Danville and Allentown, Penna., and at the rolling mill at St. Louis.

Fifty miles' extent of the road beyond Fort Riley is now ready for the rails, which must be laid and finished before January next. Sixty miles of it have been graded in sixty days. I was informed that Col. Simpson, of the United States engineers, had declared that there was not a better laid track or a more perfect road in the United States.

In July, 1865, "the road" was under contract with the Government to have one hundred miles finished in November of the same year. Owing to several causes this was made impossible. Among these was an unavoidable delay in the transfer of ownership, and in heavy floods, which, in Leavenworth alone, drowned eleven persons and swept away every bridge in the place. Thus the limitation at that time expired, and the road remained unfinished. Additional legislation was required and obtained before it could be resumed.

It was originally proposed to make this road a tributary to the Omaha or Central Pacific Railroad route. To this those concerned refused to assent, and they were finally authorized to go on as an independent route.

On the 7th September additional stock, to the amount of $2,800,000, was subscribed, and the contract for building two hundred and fifty miles, to be finished by December 31, 1867, was let to Shoemaker, Miller & Co.

One hundred and seventy-two miles of the road has thus far been built in Kansas, extending to Junction City, three miles West of Fort Riley. The road is, in fact, now progressing literally at the rate of *one mile per diem*. In Mr. E. E. Hale's work on Kansas it may be remembered that, in illustration of what may be regarded as the extravagant and absurd promises of contractors and their blind zeal, he mentions that a party once actually proposed to build 250 miles of the Pacific Railroad per annum. If I misquote let me stand corrected. This rate of building has, however, been outdone 25 per cent.

The following are the names of a few of the principal stockholders in the Union Pacific Railway: J. Edgar Thomson, of Philadelphia; John B. Anderson, of Philadelphia; Thomas A. Scott, Ed. Miller, Thomas A. Biddle, of do.; Mr. McManus, of Reading; M. W. Baldwin & Co., of Philadelphia; Messrs. Thaw & Clarke, of Pittsburg; Mr. Jewett, president of the Panhandle and Steubenville Road; Hugh L. Jewett; Gov. Dennison, of Ohio; W. H. Clements, president of the "Little Miami;" R. M. Shoemaker, of Cincinnati; J. D. Perry, of St. Louis; Adolphus Meier, of do.; O. B. Filley, of do; Carlos S. Greeley; R. E. Carr, president of the Exchange Bank, and Col. J. B. Eads, of St. Louis; W. M. Macpherson, do.; Judge Swann and J. P. Usher, of Indiana, and Mr. Griswold, of the Ohio and Mississippi Road.

Such are a few of the facts and items relative to this meeting, held in relation to "the greatest industrial enterprise of the age."

P. S.—The Leavenworth *Daily Bulletin*, of November 2, gives the following list of names and details relative to our great excursion party in that city:

"The train on the Missouri River and Pacific arrived on time, with eight passenger cars well filled, three of them with troops for the fort. The party on the train numbered sixty-four, among whom are the following notabilities:

"John D. Perry, president, and General W. W. Wright, superintendent of the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division; General McKissick, Missouri Pacific; Adolphus Meier, vice-president; Gen. Thomas Price, treasurer; Governor Michael Hahn, Governor of Louisiana; Major General D. S. Stanley; ex-Governor Gilpin, of Colorado; R. C. Cloury, superintendent of telegraph company; Hon. A. T. Blow, Giles F. Filley, of St. Louis; General C. Smith, Platte County Railroad; C. W. Mead, Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad; Captain John McCook, Hon. Thomas D. Nelson, M. C. elect from Indiana, and the following prominent gentlemen from the Eastern roads: Thomas A. Biddle, Philadelphia; Edward Miller, Captain W. F. Colton, J. H. Newton, David Bingar, St. Joseph; Strickland Kneass, Philadelphia; John D. Brown, Philadelphia; Mr. Yardley; Chattanooga; J. Adams, Illinois; J. S. Walker, Pennsylvania; General William J. Palmer, treasurer Upper Pacific Railway, Eastern Division; R. Davies, New York; B. E. Thompson and lady, New Hampshire; John White, New Haven; C. S. Greely, St. Louis; J. S. Hayward, Illinois; E. G. Ward, St. Louis; W. M. Patrick, George H. Hall, William Cutler, Hon. John V. Hogan, Aug. F. Dick, Dr. Wm. Dickinson, Henry Martin, W. L. Ganson, H. Garrard, James Archer, A. M. Gardner, O. B. Filley, St. Louis;

while the press is represented by Charles G. Leland, of Forney's Philadelphia *Press*; J. R. G. Hassard, New York *Tribune*; Casper Souder, Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*; Josiah Copley, Pittsburg; Mr. Osborn, New York Associated Press; Henry M. Post, *Missouri Democrat*; A. G. Tracy, *Missouri Republican*; Hon. A. C. Wilder, Rochester *Express*.

"Lew. T. Smith and A. Caldwell have the management of affairs in this city."

LETTER SEVENTH.

FORT RILEY, Kansas, Nov. 5, 1866.

At Leavenworth the Pacific Railway excursion, which started from Philadelphia eleven strong, and which had picked up three or four at Chicago and other places, suddenly expanded to comparatively enormous dimensions. A deputation of fifty-four new friends from St. Louis had joined us previous to the meeting and other ceremonies described in my last letter. Yesterday morning, on leaving Leavenworth, we received a reinforcement of, perhaps, a hundred, including many ladies, all destined to visit the present terminus of the great railway, three miles beyond Fort Riley.

Before leaving Leavenworth City, where we were so hospitably received, and where we found every luxury which one could desire, I would give a few items of information relative to a place which is still supposed by many to be a mere outpost in the Indian country. Ten years ago it was indeed nothing more, and then the *wild* Indians came into the little village and were regarded with fear. Then—as Dr. Gihon, author of Geary and Kansas, has told me—wolves, by the score, howled at night, close to the buildings, and were fearless as dogs. Now it contains nearly twenty thousand inhabitants, and has, for example, apothecary and other stores which would be called handsome in Chestnut Street or Broadway. Its principal business is freighting and outfitting wagons for emigrants, for Government, and for Santa Fe and other traders. The enormous amount of this business may be inferred from the following facts, which I gathered after special inquiry on the subject: Messrs. A. Caldwell & Co., "Government freighters," freighted last year four thousand wagons, with six thousand pounds each, making, in all, twenty-four millions pounds of merchandise. To each wagon were attached twelve head of cattle, making twenty-eight thousand head. All of this was exclusively for Government use, and destined for the various military posts in the

Territories of New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Nebraska, and other more remote places. At least half a million dollars were spent last year in Leavenworth in repairing and mounting wagons alone. These wagons are all of nearly the same build, strongly made and adapted for wear and tear. It is said that when the Pacific railway shall be completed, Government will save at least two millions of dollars a year by the substitution of steam for wagons.

Immense numbers of wagons are also sold and loaded here for immigrants and traders. To these alone there were sold last year, in Leavenworth, four thousand wagons and one hundred thousand head of cattle. A single house, that of Gov. Carney, Stevens & Co., did a business of $2,000,000 in selling supplies. When it is remembered that Leavenworth is on the line of the Santa Fe trade, and is, to a certain extent, its headquarters, as well as for New Mexico generally, it will be readily understood what an enormous business, amounting (as I was told by the best authority, in the presence of many of the first men of the place) to nearly $100,000,000, must be carried on here. The wagon depots are real curiosities. I saw at one at least a quarter of a mile of wagons. It is said that at times on the plains for ten miles trains of wagons, not more, on an average, than fifty miles apart, may often be seen. Many indications in the town show the Santa Fe trade. One large sign—*Por mayor y menor*, "wholesale and retail"—and others in Castilian, prove that Mexicans find their way there. Great numbers of *vaqueros*, *arrieros*, or whatever herdsmen and drivers are called, pass through the town to the camps, cracking their long whips as loud as revolvers, and swearing as only mule-drivers can.

Twelve years ago a writer, on leaving Leavenworth, spoke thus: "In the first light of morning, when creation is bright and vigorous, it is pleasant to see before you, along the roll of prairie, the white walls of Fort Leavenworth looming up, clear and fair, from the green solitude, more like the towers of some enchanter from the realms of poesy than what it in reality is—an enclosure where Bellona has sown her dragons' teeth. Two miles below the fort, and west of the Missouri River, covering a bluff side and plateau of fine bottom land, is the new settlement of Leavenworth City, and eight miles to the west Pilot Knob catches the eye, rising abruptly above the surface of the circumjacent country, the most conspicuous object within the range of vision. From its summit unfolds to the south and west a prospect of thirty miles, replete with every charming variety of slope and lawn, set with little woody bowers that seem so many rests planted for the repeopling of the pioneers who traverse this blooming wilderness." Such was the scene which spread itself before us as we left Leavenworth yesterday morning, while the sun

was sending up before him his red light as *avant courier*. True, the grass of the hills and prairies had been burned by autumn or more deeply shaded by fire, but many of the oaks were still green, and over all spread the exquisite tints of autumn. It is said that in Kansas there is more fine weather than in any other part of North America, and I can readily believe it. Never in my life have I seen such weather as we enjoyed since we have been in this State.

As our train was a festive one, mirth prevailed. Fresh recruits came to us at Lawrence, Topeka, and other places along the route, each more pleased, if possible, than their predecessors to join the immense pic-nic. Champagne popped every minute, and echoed in the merry laughter of lady voices, among them those of divers enchantresses whom we were destined to meet again in a city by a river, after many days. Here it was that Captain Gideon, ye younger, was badly winged, although he won and wore his Norman horse-shoe; and here, too, Y. and Dot suffered from being shot by bright eyes. As for the chronicler, he escaped *that* day. *Feliciter evasit, mirum in modum.* And so, amid gaiety and laughter, flirtation and flatteration, we entered the Indian reservation, inhabited not by wild but tame aborigines, Pottawottamies, who have achieved the art of wearing the most shocking bad hats ever seen in the world. There is a certain grotesqueness in the set and style of a Pottawottamie "tile" which defies description. I tried to sketch one from nature, but, like the artist mentioned by Hone, who tried to copy an uncommonly ill-made image of a cat, found myself incapable of making it bad enough.

The census of last year showed the population of this tribe to be 1,874, being a decrease of 404 within the year. This decrease is due to the absence of certain irreclaimable vagabonds of the tribe, who persist in hunting about in Iowa, Wisconsin and in the South. They were sent after, and inquiry showed that they were doing no harm and creating no bad feeling. Those who remained are flourishing. In 1864 they raised 64,000 bushels of corn, besides other large crops, and owned 2,200 horses and 1,600 cattle. On the whole they are settled and industrious, though many still rely on the chase. As I write here in Fort Riley, it is only a few hours since a band of them passed the door, armed, and bound on a buffalo hunt. There seems to be no affinity between them and their relations, the wild Indians, who generally kill them when opportunity presents itself. It is said that as they become assured of the permanent ownership of their lands, they become more settled and industrious. This tribe furnished seventy-one soldiers for the United States Army, and the Agent stated that a large per centage of these died in the service. The school established among them by the Catholics, who have the principal direction of their religious affairs, is said to be admirably conducted, and has

been a very efficient help in educating the Indians, not only in the branches usually taught in schools, but in agriculture and the arts of housewifery, and habits of industry.

Another tribe of Indians, settled in this vicinity, of whom we saw a few miserable, shirking, thievish-looking specimens, are the original Kansas or Kaw Indians. This joyous band numbers only six hundred, and is rapidly decreasing; a fact which their Agent, Mr. Farnsworth, attributes to their habits of promiscuous intercourse or marriage with their nearest relations, and to a strongly developed taste for miscellaneous dissipation. They are, however, well disposed towards the whites—probably because they supply whisky—and are good Union men, since they furnished the very large per centage of eighty-four soldiers for the army. Unfortunately they care nothing for the benefits of settled life or for education—for the Kaws are a gay party, and like the owls "belong to a club."

The Friends have, however, established a mission school upon their reservation, which is well attended. This tribe hunts buffalo, and farms at the same time. The Pawnees steal horses from them, at least so they complained. Whether they ever return the compliment I did not learn. They wear, if possible, even worse hats than the Pottawottamies, slinging them over their eyes in a frightfully abandoned manner, with a *sic semper tyrannis* expression which is beyond Bohemianism. These Indians "pick up" and steal things, even with their toes, in an incredibly skillful manner. It is possible that their extremely wicked habits made them the subject of a hymn, said to have been written some forty years ago by a missionary, and for which I am indebted to an old number of the Boston *Christian Register:*

The Choctaw and the Cherokee;
The Kickapoo and Kaw;
Likewise the Pottawottamie—
Oh, give them all Thy law.

At 2 o'clock our train arrived at Fort Riley, where in the depot a really splendid lunch was immediately spread. The mirth and fun speedily became fast and furious, and the two hundred present were soon running high-tides in enjoyment. Several of the "eminencies" present were called for; among others, one who unfortunately was not present. I refer to General William J. Palmer, treasurer of the Railway, whose merits were, however, well set forth in an excellent eulogium by Mr. Archer, of St. Louis. The recurrence of this name reminds me that it was General Palmer who had a bill introduced in Congress last session, which should give a company, organized for the purpose, the privilege of tunneling the Mississippi river at St. Louis, or, to speak more distinctly, "the privilege of constructing a tubular bridge under the river." The

project, I learn, is perfectly practicable, and is so pronounced by the best engineers in the country. The experiments of the past twenty years have fully proved that iron tunnels for subterranean roads are much better than those built of masonry, like the one under the Thames in London.

The meal and speeches at an end, horses were provided for all who chose to ride, and we trotted, "loped" or paced at will up to the fort, a beautifully situated range of Government buildings, in the heart of a highly picturesque country. While here, we received a fresh proof of the kindness and forethought of our host, General Palmer. Learning that a great Indian council of five thousand wild warriors—perhaps the largest held for many years—would assemble in a day or two at Fort Ellsworth, eighty-five miles from Riley, he kindly made arrangements to extend the great Pacific Railway excursion thither, and insisted upon our going. I, for one, accepted, wishing to thoroughly complete the great trip.

The occasion which gave rise to this great council was somewhat remarkable. Some time ago, Colonel Chivington, of the Second Colorado, was at Sand Creek with his command. At the same place was a large band of Indians, who had surrendered, and were in camp. These were attacked and slain by order of Colonel Chivington. On investigation, Government declared the Indians had been foully treated, and ordered forty thousand dollars indemnity to be paid them. The meeting at Fort Ellsworth is to hand over the equivalent of this money in goods to the Cheyennes, Arrapahoes and others.

And here, at Fort Riley, there was a parting of the tribe for a day. Dr. Le Conte, that good fellow, having met an old friend in that other good fellow, Dr. Forewood, of Fort Riley, determined to accept the Forewoodian invitation, and honor the Sabbath day and keep it wholly at Fort Riley. And I being included in the joyous and resplendent invite, went up the hill "sprightly of heart, canty and debonair." As for Captain Colton and my bucksome *Tribune*, they squandered off with the wild and roaming revelers amid bright eyes and curls, and excessive wine and fire water, and tobacco smoke, on all the storm and song of a howling cantico unto Lawrence, under a full head of steam behind an untamed locomotive. As it was written in the New York *Tribune* of a later day, in these very words:

> "We spent Sunday in Lawrence, where some of
> Us went to church, and some went sight-seeing.
> I' the afternoon the bulk of our party took
> The cars for Wyandotte and Kansas City
> On their way home. At Kansas City an
> Enthusiastic recept'n awaited them.

Its *main* features were a torch-light proces-
Sion and a band of music. The excur-
Sionists were all secured in carriages,
And p'raded through the streets with drums and fifes
And trumpets at their heads; and as it was
Justly suspected by the *com*-mit-tee
Of-*ar*-rangements that some of the tired trav-
Elers might be disposed to give them the slip, and
Retire prematurely to their hotels,
Th' hack drivers had strict orders to permit
No one to leave the line under any pre-
Tense whatever. But one gentleman,
Eager for bed, put his head out of the
Coach window 'nd asked the driver if they had
Not almost reached the hotel. 'We aint going
To *no* hotel,' was the consoling re-
Ply. 'We're taking you a-pleasuring.'"

But the *Tribune* did not roll away headlong on the rapids of this stormy stream of champagne, out of which rose mountains of cold prairie hens and islands of partridges, merely to follow Missouri and Kansas fairies amid clouds of cigar smoke—for he went to Lawrence there to organize the "buffalo hunt." So *he* says. There must have been a heavy organizing in *that* crowd that night! "Seven of 'em to one hand organ." (This is wrote to be *sarcastical.*)

LETTER EIGHTH.

SOLOMON, Kansas, November 6, 1866.

In my last letter I gave the details of our journey as far as Fort Riley. There are, however, a few facts relative to the great Union Pacific Railway, "Eastern Division," or to that portion of it, which remain to be noticed. From Wyandotte, Kansas, the road is now completed so far as to about two miles beyond Junction City, which is itself about two miles from Fort Riley. The Santa Fe trade, which formerly followed the so-called "Old Santa Fe trail," once struck south from Leavenworth, over the country. There the wagons are still made and outfitted for this very extensive and important business, but the point of its departure from civilization—that is to say, from the railroad—moves along the latter, and is changed about once a year. Its present point of departure is from Junction City, which has become, under the influence, even within a few months, a not inconsiderable town. Town lots in it are rising rapidly

in value, and I have heard of many startling instances of large sums or small fortunes which have been realized by men who, having invested a little money within the year in "Junction," as a venture, have found it prove a *buona ventura*, or bit of real luck. I shall have more to say on this subject of other places along the graded route of the Pacific Railway where the track is not yet laid. Meanwhile, I would speak of the extraordinary inducements held forth to settlers, as well as speculators, by investments in the Indian lands which lie along the route. These lands, which can be purchased at a low rate, but which are rising rapidly in value, are of a fertility and richness which seem incredible to those who only know the thin and guano-requiring soils of the East. I have never in my life beheld corn of such a height, or so loaded with luxuriant ears, as I have seen in the vast fields on these lands. The plain, unvarnished truth is, that they are simply *wonderful*. When it is remembered that they are immediately adjacent what will soon be the great thoroughfare or road of the entire North American Continent, it will be seen what the value of this property inevitably must be in a few years. At any of the *ranches* on the overland route corn sells very readily at a dollar a bushel, the market being to the West at present, and not towards the East. Nothing impressed me more than the remarkable contentment which I found prevailing among these "ranche-men" or farmers with their lot. Their crops are so easily raised and sold; there is such an extraordinary hope in the future of the country; such faith in its development, and such buoyancy of spirits, that the most casual observer or rapid traveler cannot but perceive that there is no humbug, no false inflation in the industrial development of Kansas, and that the Kansas Pacific Railway is the great band which develops and connects the work.

I am disposed to dwell for an instant, even though I anticipate my route, in this cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits which animate all the settlers in this *very* new country. Many of them live in log huts much ruder than those of the central Western States—huts made of rough sticks, half buried in the ground. These are plastered with common mud; have mud "banked" against the sides, and are covered with flat mud roofs—in fact, they look like very bad pig-styes. But their inhabitants are well fed, make money rapidly, and all anticipate the time when, in six months or a year, a new house of boards and shingles will arise by the side of the old cabin. In fact, I frequently found the new house, sometimes of good sandstone, building near the old ranche hut, and everywhere observed that eager anticipation, that hopefulness, even among the poorest and most ignorant, which sufficiently attested a rapidly increasing prosperity. I wish I could convey to the reader an idea of the conversations to which I have listened in a group of the inhabitants of some rising

town, where every man seemed fully satisfied with his prospects, where all were full of plans and schemes, and where no one seemed to doubt that all went well.

Fort Riley is a beautiful Government station, surrounded by a truly glorious panorama of splendid scenery. The hills which encircle it and sweep far onward are of picturesque form, and remarkable for one geological feature: On nearly all of them, at about one-third of their height from the summit, a stratum of gray white limestone, some six or ten feet in thickness, crops out, appearing at a distance precisely like an artificial stone wall. This, taken in connection with the crisp-brown, even prairie grass of the late autumn, exactly resembling a new-reaped wheat-field, gives to the scenery a *faux air* of cultivated country, which is truly deceptive. A single house and the trees by the water-courses complete the illusion, and we wonder at the absence of life.

Fort Riley, like Fort Leavenworth, is not in reality a fortress. Its barracks and officers' houses form a square, which rather suggests, at first sight, an elegant watering place than a military station. I cannot speak too highly of the courtesy and urbanity of the officers of this post, and of the hospitality which they lavished upon us. I sincerely trust that it is no violation of the etiquette which should be observed by every traveler recording his experiences, should I venture to return in type my acknowledgments to General Custer, to Dr. Forewood; for whose hospitality and many favors I am specially indebted; to Captain Spalding, and, in fact, to every officer of the fort whom I met—for kind acts, or offers of aid or advice as to our proposed journey into the wilderness.

The hospital, under the charge of Dr. Forewood, was to me very interesting. Its neatness and the thoroughly scientific and military execution of details indicated the supervision of a thoroughly able and well trained mind. I examined with great interest its meteorological and other registers, and also a small collection of the snakes, insects and smaller animals of the vicinity, preserved in spirits. There was the famed horned frog, the whip-snake, fabled to whip its victims to death; rattle-snakes and copperheads, (appropriately pickled in whisky;) prairie mice and strange insects of most uncomfortable form. I was also much gratified at being shown a collection of minerals, gathered by Dr. Forewood during his journey, embracing some five thousand miles in the far West, and a few Indian objects of interest. Among the latter were a Cheyenne bow of curious fabric, (valued by the Indians as equivalent to a horse,) and some arrows which had been drawn from the bodies of the victims of an Indian massacre.

At Fort Riley we left the car which had brought us safely through fifteen hundred miles from Philadelphia, and with two ambulances or

wagons, and three horses, went our way towards "Ellsworth." Soon we were indeed on the Plains. To those who are not aware of the difference, it may be as well to explain that the *prairie*, such as predominates in Missouri, Illinois and other central States, is perfectly flat and level, while the so-called *Plains*, which lie further to the West, are gently undulating, consisting, indeed, of much true prairie land, which is, however, very much varied by gently swelling low hills, gradually rising in many places to a high expanse, called a *divide*, which again settles down into numerous waves of small hills. Very often the sides of the hills break down or are washed away, forming ravines, which are called *canyons*, at the bottom of which are sometimes found pools or streams. The plains present but little variety of vegetation in the autumn, when the summer flowers which once made them glorious are vanished. A coarse reedy, weedy grass, sprinkled with many varieties of wild sage and occasional *cacti* or a few "ice plants," generally meets the eye. It is only as we go farther on that we find more frequent patches of the crisp, moss-like and firm buffalo grass, on which the buffalo loves to feed.

We drove out from "Riley" on a fine, fresh Indian-summer morning—that glorious weather which in Kansas does not merely show itself as a meteorological favor for a few days, as in Pennsylvania, but frequently lasts until Christmas. Three Pottawottamie Indians, breakfasting by a fire, and boiling coffee by the road-side, vividly reminded me of gipsy camps such as I had seen in Europe, and recalled the fact stated in Simpson's history of that eccentric people, that the "Rommany" whom he met in America complained that they were often sorely puzzled by the Indians, whom they at first took to be of their own blood. They would go and "cast their sign," and address the Indians in gipsy tongue, and retire abashed. When an Indian, half or whole breed, puts on a Mexican *sombrero*, yet still retains his long braided locks, he strangely resembles an Hungarian *zigan* or gipsy. I have seen in our route Indian-Mexicans who had precisely the air, color and strange glassy stare of these vagabonds of the very Old World.

We halted at a *ranche* kept by an Irishman, who spoke cheerfully of his success in raising and selling corn. Here we cooked our dinner—that is to say, we had it cooked for us by our steward "John"—boiled our coffee, and realized the tonic effect of Plains air as an appetizer. On one of the logs of this *ranche* some one had carved, in large, neat capital letters, the following touching inscription :

KANSAS, THE PARADISE OF PETTICOATS.

There it was, touching in its simplicity, bold and beautiful. Ladies are scarce in Kansas, and are worshipped accordingly. Those whom *we*

met there deserved it. Especially "our two"—the honorary members of our Gideon's band.

In the evening we arrived at a village—one of the rapid out-growths of the Pacific Railway—which, being situated on the Solomon creek, has been named, by anticipation, Solomon City. Here we were genially welcomed by one of the prominent citizens, a Mr. Waddell, who kindly lent us a carpenter-shop wherein to lodge. It was election day in the town of Solomon. Some of the wisdom of the great Solomon (*nomen et omen*) seems, in fact, to have inspired this healthy little village, since it appeared to be earnestly, brilliantly, and thoroughly Radical in politics. The representations made to the effect that my friend Hassard and myself were respectively editorial *attachés* of the New York *Tribune* and the Philadelphia *Press* were at first listened to with some incredulity; but when our claims were established, we had nothing to complain of, and we were received even as the inhabitants of Papimanie received Panurge when they had learned that he had seen the Pope.

The radicalism of Kansas is something intensely real. Its people are, I believe, the most intelligent of any State. They are enterprising, vigorous and true-hearted, and see clearly that Republicanism means that development of an industrial policy which is so vitally important to them. Many can remember the blood-baptisms of 1855, and hate the old enemy under the new form of Johnsonism, with all their heart and soul. I shall, I foresee, have more than one occasion to speak of the noble feeling as to politics which I found everywhere prevalent in this State.

"General Custer," says the *Tribune*, while at Fort Riley, "lent us four mule ambulances and three cavalry horses, with an orderly to take care of them. We mounted our seats; the horsemen cantered gaily in advance; our two teamsters, Brigham and Peter, cracked their long whips, and dexterously tickled the tender ears of the leading mules; and so, with waving of hats and wishing of good speed from our friends of the garrison, we rattled out of the fort and down the dusty hill to the railway, and so on to Junction City. We kept along the stage route all day. It was terribly rough riding across ravines, cañons and gulches, where the road seemed to have been made with an utter disregard of the danger of upsetting. Brigham was an admirable driver, and brought us safely through all the perils of the way, but we felt some uneasiness, even under his hands, when, having asked him if he ever upset his wagon, he answered with a laugh of derision, 'You bet!'

"Brigham was a wonderfully rich character. A tall, swarthy fellow with long black hair, and keen, little, almond-shaped eyes, in a nondescript costume, composed chiefly of boots, buckskin gauntlets, a large overcoat and cape, and a spreading *sombrero*, decorated with A RED RIB-

BON, he was the *beau ideal* of a Santa Fe teamster, half Mexican and half Indian. Brigham, however, was a New Yorker by birth; but he had lived in all manner of uncivilized places; had delved for gold at Pike's Peak; traded and gambled in New Mexico; and driven mules across the Plains. He was now in Uncle Sam's service as a teamster, but he said he was going to 'resign' very soon. 'And what will you do then?' I asked. 'Not a darned thing as long as the money lasts,' was the reply. Brigham was full of anecdotes, and had a fund of dry humor which Meister Karl was especially fond of drawing out.* He spoke Spanish, and we noticed that whenever he was particularly pleased with us he signified his approbation by using a few Spanish words."†

LETTER NINTH.

FORT ELLSWORTH, November 8, 1866.

"This is very much like coming back to army practice," said one of our party, as he spread his blankets preparatory to sleeping on the floor of the carpenter shop at Solomon City. "Yes, we have only to fancy that we are out after rebs." Several of the party had been in the army, and it was no novelty to them to sleep, wrapped up in a gray United States blanket, on floors or the ground. I have, in fact, had frequent occasion to observe, since the war ended, that it has had a singularly beneficial effect in familiarizing a vast proportion of young gentlemen with what were once regarded as real hardships and sufferings, but which now pass for first-class frolics. With all its disasters, its loss of life, and destruction of property, the war left us at least one valuable legacy in the training of a vast number of men to endure fatigue, and face those dangers which must be encountered in a new country. It is rarely that we meet an American in Kansas who has not been a soldier, and it is certain that familiarity in "roughing it" has induced thousands to immigrate hither, who, without "army practice," would never have dared to venture to take a look at that stupendous "elephant" which mythically

*"Yea," quoth MEISTER KARL, "but I found that it 'drew out' much better when wetted with corn juice, though, strange to say, the more it was moistened the dryer it became."

†Such as ———, — — and ———, or sometimes ——— ———. These were cursory expressions. Billy, the mule, had learned Spanish from Brigham, and always started *arrectis auribus* at one particular interjection of Arabic origin.

represents life on the frontier, and is so often alluded to by the adventurous land and money-seekers from the East.

It is well on a journey to know not only where one is going, but how fast and how far. For the benefit of those who would know the exact distances traversed in the longest single excursion ever made in one railroad car on the North American or any other Continent, I subjoin the annexed table of distances:

	MILES.
From Philadelphia to Pittsburg	355
To Chicago	468
To Quincy, Illinois	265
To St. Joseph, Missouri	208
To Weston	37
To Leavenworth	6
To Lawrence	30
To Fort Riley	100
	1,469

To the above must be added, as an essential portion of the trip "out," forty miles from Leavenworth to Kansas City, with the return; giving in all 1,509 miles. From Fort Riley to Fort Ellsworth the distance is about 87 miles, making three days of easy travel in ambulances or on horseback, and our party had two of the former and three of the latter, under charge of an orderly.

Arising from our slumbers at "Solomon," (where, as was sagely observed by one of the party, we had bed and *board*, all in one,) and inquiring the news about town, we were informed that the election of the previous day had not been quite so favorable to the great and good cause as had been anticipated—the Republican majority having been only about three hundred per cent. over the Copperheads—and, also, that Governor Cummings, of Colorado, had passed through the town in the overland stage. This, with the fact that town lots could be had for twenty-five dollars each, completed the summary. Solomon does not as yet boast a newspaper, but, as one of the inhabitants informed me, they would doubtless have one "mighty soon."

Another long day in wagons or on horseback over the plains began to convince us that we had fairly entered an immense and somewhat monotonous country. Hour after hour we passed the same sad, rolling, long-drawn earth-waves, on a road bordered with millions upon millions of the dried wild sunflower, which in this country attains an incredible size, and seems to especially affect the vicinity of travel. Little by little other signs of the wilderness began to show themselves. Now and then a buffalo's skull, with bleached horns and scattered bones, indicated that hunting-grounds of mighty game had been where we now were. At one

time a freshly-killed and skinned antelope, which lay abandoned by the wayside, excited hopes of a shot among our "sporting men." More interesting, however, are the caravans of wagons from Denver, suggestive of the Rocky Mountains, now not many days distant, which met the traveler on the overland route.

These immense vehicles, once common in Pennsylvania (where they were known as Conestoga wagons), and which have now so generally yielded to railroads, are still to be found in the West; but, like the buffalo, are continually going westward. Like a wounded snake, the trains of twenty or thirty vehicles wind their slow length along, suggesting monotony, boredom and the blues to an unlimited extent. On some roads from three to four months are often consumed in a single journey. But they carry much substantial aid to the settlers; and the drivers, dull as the life seems, find some strange charm in it, for I have been assured by a gentleman extremely familiar with their ways, that of all the callings on the frontiers there is not one to which its followers remain so constant as the teamster business. "Once a teamster, always a teamster."

We dined at Salina, one of the most growing, enterprising, flourishing, driving little towns it was ever my luck to see. Salina is, in fact, perfectly irrepressible as regards enterprise and bold hopes. With about two hundred inhabitants, it has appropriated about $5,000 for a school, is taxed up to the agony point, boasts two religious congregations, each of which is getting ready for erecting a church, and what is most significant, utters cries for lumber, which cannot be brought fast enough on the railroad to supply the very considerable demand. "If any enterprising young man wants to make money, let him come here and start a lumber yard," said Mr. H. L. Jones, a highly intelligent gentleman, resident in Salina, from whom I obtained much valuable information. It is now little more than a year since the buffalo ranged in vast flocks near the town, but they will soon be known no more in that land at least, for Salina is growing, growing, as everything is growing in this incredible country.

I observed, as an interesting fact in Salina and other towns, or by way-side ranches, that, on the frontier, men cannot be readily distinguished by their appearance. Speculators, members of Congress, ranche-men, hunters, merchants and others, all dress roughly, and sit around the fire with a most republican equality, and astonish the verdant traveler with their frank remarks and highly intelligent language. In fact, the remarkable degree of intelligence and information which prevails in Kansas among men of every calling cannot be overrated. A very large proportion of its population is from New England or New York State; and are men who believe in newspapers, think that "Thou shalt promote education" ought to be a new commandment, and who hate treason with

all their hearts in every form, from Johnsonism up to State rights and rebellion.

Riding all the afternoon, we at length arrived at "Honneck's," where we slept in the open air, under the lee of a haystack, cooking our supper and breakfast, *en bivouac*, by a camp-fire. Even our accomplished and infinitely courteous chief in command, Colonel Charles B. Lamborn, secretary of the U. P. R. W., E. D. (I trust that I have written rightly these initials of the Pacific Railway), could do no better for us, and no healthy man need ask for more of an Indian-summer night, when he has blankets and an overcoat. As it was, however, an unusual occasion, "Gideon's Band," or the vocalists of the excursion, were unusually "song-full" around the fire, giving out their choice effusions, much to the amazement of an admiring audience of teamsters and settlers from an adjacent ranche. These latter, I found, were Bavarian Germans.

I was awakened about four in the morning by a strange concert. All was silent in the camp; the fire had burned low to a few embers; far in the distance the prairie fires were coloring the horizon with a broad and splendid fringed band of crimson, and over all shone the stars. But from beyond the camp came a marvelously insane-sounding chorus of wailing, yelping, whinnying and odd barking, as of a disharmony of Dutch babies, kittens, small dogs and penny trumpets. I fell asleep and again awoke, and still heard the chorus, but growing fainter and fainter, until it was inaudible. Then I arose, and, sitting by the fire, at which coffee was being boiled for "an early start," was informed by Brigham, one of our drivers, that the sounds I had heard proceeded from cayotes and wolves.

"In a few minutes," says the *Tribune*, describing this our early rise, "we had a fire burning and were cracking jokes around it with even more than our usual hilarity. Young Gideon's rattling laugh spread contagious merriment through the circle. John set the coffee pot on the coals; the genial Golly munched a soda biscuit, and now and then cried 'Goll darn this smoke!' Yardley and Lewis told stories; the Captain sang to us of the little lamb that followed Mary to school, shouting the battle-cry of freedom, and Meister Karl, in his roughest bass, (which is strong language, I assure you,) chanted his favorite Indian lay of The Great Muscolgee. Through all the merry trip I don't think we were ever merrier than during the reaction of those two comfortable hours before dawn. As soon as it was light, breakfast was made ready (we were reduced by this time to hard tack and salt junk), the mules were caught and harnessed, and we mounted joyfully to our seats. '*Vamos*,' shouts Brigham, and off we rattle."

I spoke above of the cayotes and wolves which we heard here. But a few years will pass, however—I might almost say a few months—and

the cries of the wolf and cayote will no longer be heard on the line, which we have thus far followed, and over which the great Pacific Railroad is being graded at the rate of a mile a day. Howl while you may, O wolves! Your days, in these parts at least, are numbered! In the eloquent language of the great Black Kettle, chief of the Kioways or Cheyennes (or somethings), who had not indeed seen the iron horse himself, but had "heard tell" of it from a Kaw, who had learned something about it from a Pottawottamie—"There is a great iron wagon coming, which goes *p'ff, p'ff, p'ff,* and wherever it comes the buffaloes all go away!" Poor old Black Kettle—always friendly to the whites, but who could not control his "foolish young braves"—he who was, as he said, "only a wolf, born on the prairie, nursed on the prairie, meant to live and die on the prairie"—he too must go with the wolves and buffalo before that terrible "*p'ff, p'ff,*" and be no more known of men!

That this is not mere poetry will appear from a few facts and figures, which will place before the reader the enormous magnitude of the amount of travel which is inevitably destined to pass over the Union Pacific Railway when it shall be completed.

It is at present possible, as our own trip has proved, to pass in a single car from Philadelphia to Fort Riley, almost in a straight line. It is moreover rapidly making close connections, of the most advantageous description, with all the principal railroads which connect the Eastern cities with those of the West. The latest contracts made by this road, stipulate for the construction of two hundred and fifty miles more of track, bringing it to Pond Creek, within two hundred miles of Denver City; that is to say, *six hundred and seventy miles west of St. Louis,* and *one thousand, two hundred and twenty-seven miles west of Pittsburg!* It is worth noting, in this connection, that Pennsylvania furnishes a handsome proportion of the amount of railroad iron required for this enterprise. In connection with this road, there are already projected a vast amount of lateral roads; the mere suggestion of which is already stimulating settlement and promising immense markets to Eastern manufactures. The amount of goods sold, for instance at Salina, is about ten times as much as would be sold in a town of the same size in Pennsylvania, and this remarkable rate of consumption is to be found at obscure ranche stores on side roads, so freely is money spent in the West. Now, what will be the amount of travel on a road running through more than a thousand miles of rich prairie of incredible fertility, and forming, as it will, *the most direct,* the most agreeable, the most unimpeded by snow in winter, of the roads which are to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans? As a writer in the Pittsburg *Gazette* has remarked: "The Eastern Division starts from two points on the west bank of the Missouri River,

Leavenworth and Wyandotte. The two branches uniting at Lawrence, Kansas, make from that point directly west, on as near an air-line as possible, through Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California to San Francisco, or until it meets the Western Division from that city coming this way." The first six hundred miles of the road west of the Mississippi River is only about fifty miles out of an air line.

It is evident at a glance that, according to the map of North America, this forms the *real,* continental, straight Pacific Railway, to which all others—as, for instance, the Nebraska-Omaha route, or the Southern-Fremont route—cannot be regarded as other than mere tributaries or wings. But it is with regard to the connection between the road east of the Rocky Mountains with the Central and Western Divisions, that the future greatness of the former consists. At present the Pacific Railway, Eastern Division, follows closely the overland and European China mail route. By the Eastern Division we mean that part of the Pacific Railway which lies east of the Rocky Mountains or of Denver. The Central Division embraces that portion which reaches from Denver to Salt Lake. The Western Division is from San Francisco to Salt Lake City, Utah. In my next letter I shall give a number of items relative to the present condition of these other routes.

LETTER TENTH.

FORT ELLSWORTH, Kansas, November 9, 1866.

THE CENTRAL DIVISION.

"Then you are the gentlemen who are going to knock Brigham Young's kingdom higher than a kite?" So said an intelligent stranger, who, having descended for a short relief from the overland stage at Honeck's, and attracted by our fire, had quietly joined us.

"How so?" was our query.

"Why, when your Pacific Railway is finished, the sinners will travel through Utah at such a rate that it will be 'all up' with the saints. By the way, you havn't heard Brigham's last sermon, I suppose? Here it is; I'll read it to you."

Saying this, he read a very funny and very highly salted discourse, which some wicked Gentile had reported and printed—perhaps the editor of the *Vedette* knows where. It raised a hearty laugh, but in my mind it gave rise to reflection. Truly the great road *will* destroy the realm of Mormon without the aid of legislation, by letting in light upon its ignorant fanatics.

Of the Central Pacific Railway, I learn from the *Rocky Mountain News* and Pittsburg *Gazette* that thirty million dollars have been subscribed to its stock in Europe, and that the latest surveys have demonstrated that a nearly straight railroad can be laid between Denver and Salt Lake City, which will save many hundreds of thousands of dollars annually in transportation. The present road, used by United States mail coaches, is not only two hundred and nine miles longer than that which will be traversed by the railroad, but is also more exposed to dangers of travel, involving the passage of the two snowy *Sierras*, the Rocky Mountains and the Wasatch.

The direct road from Denver to Salt Lake City, following the line of the fortieth degree, pursues the diameter of a circle, (of which the above road is the circumference,) having a course due east and west. The through distance is four hundred and three miles. This road, starting from Denver, ascends Clear creek to Empire City; it crosses the Snowy Sierra at Berthoud's pass, and descends immediately into the Middle park. The whole distance from the Snowy Sierra to the Sierra Wasatch is across the valley of the great Colorado, descending the bank of White river to Green, and then ascending the bank of Wintah river to the Wasatch. This road then traverses a continued succession of parks and valleys, free from any considerable altitudes, other than the two Sierras. It pursues a river border continuously, through a country depressed among mountains, covered and protected within them, fertile in soil and genial in temperature through the year.

The following table gives an accurate statement of the distances to be saved:

PRESENT LINE, OR NO. I.	
Denver to Salt Lake City, by Bridger's pass	612 miles.
PROPOSED LINE, OR NO. II.	
Denver to Salt Lake City, by Berthoud pass	403 miles.
Distance saved	209 miles.
Stations on road No. 1	51
Stations on road No. 2	34
Stations saved	17
Saved in construction of stations, at $1,200 each	$120,400
Saved in expense of maintenance, at $400 per month	79,600
Saved in 148 horses, at $175 each	25,900
Saved in forage	53,020
Total	$178,920
Saved in time both ways	2 days
Saved in miles traveled during 730 trips per year	152,570

That is to say, one hundred and fifty-two thousand five hundred and seventy miles, as the United States mail coaches now travel. "To this is to be added the economy resulting from the decrease of time and expenses; the increase of speed; the favorable influence of the climate, scenery and soil; the growth of population and way travel; the superior excellence, safety and convenience of the road; the timber, fuel and water in uninterrupted abundance and good quality; the compact, sheltered and attractive farms which nature offers within the parks."

Some have assumed that it would only be necessary to follow the Indian trails or wagon routes in making this road; but "it is now demonstrated, beyond controversy, that the *straight route* through the centre of the United States' possessions is the one that should be hastened through first."

The greatest activity, enterprise and energy are being displayed on this, as on the other routes. People most fortunately *have not been obliged to wait to the end* to see the substantial results of the immense capital and labor embarked. Thus in the Eastern Division, from Leavenworth to Fort Riley, so far as completed, the road is unable to supply the demand for freight and passage. As all these roads grow, towns and ranches spring up by their side, and the whole State or Territory is awakened to intense enterprise and hopefulness. Every man who lives anywhere on the proposed Pacific route, from St. Louis to San Francisco, is inspired by it to fresh labor, and there are few who do not believe that it will make their fortunes. No words can adequately represent the extraordinary activity and excitement now prevailing as regards the road. The only parallel which I have ever seen to it was in the oil regions and in "oil circles," two years or eighteen months ago, from Pennsylvania to Tennessee. The latter was, however, in a great measure, mere feverish speculation, while the former is a legitimate industrial development, based upon sound labor, a stupendous enterprise, and the richest, the most certain and most inexhaustible resources of nature.

THE PACIFIC RAILWAY, WESTERN DIVISION.

The Californians, who are, perhaps, the most enterprising and "driving" of Americans, declare that *their* section, from San Francisco to Salt Lake, must, can, will and shall be finished, if there is any virtue in gold, gunpowder or nitro-glycerine, in two years and a half "from date." True, the rocks in their way are something stupendous; but then they are accustomed to pulverize quartz and reduce mountains in a manner which would have astonished Hannibal or any other man of the Barca family. With ten thousand coolies at work, they are, in fact, working wonders. The following extract from a letter given in the article already

quoted, sets forth in "graphic style" several interesting features of the enterprise:

"The scenery along the road is often sublime—in a few places awful. Here are bridges, viaducts, mountain chasms, exceeding anything yet accomplished on our Eastern roads. The heaviest work of all is the summit tunnel of one thousand seven hundred feet in length. This tunnel, however, is not more expensive than several that have been made through the Alleghenies.

"I incline, therefore, to the opinion that the difficulties in getting through the Rocky Mountains have been greatly exaggerated, and that you can confidently count upon the completion of the Pacific Railroad through the centre of North America within three years."

This last surmise is, I believe, too sanguine. From five to ten years is the time allotted by "those who ought to know."

ON THE ROAD.

On the road between Honneck's ranche and Ellsworth lie a number of irregularly-shaped and extremely picturesque "buttes" or hills, whose summits recall the "old ruin" formed mountains of the Saxon Switzerland, or the far more singularly worn crags of Elk river, in West Virginia. Leaving the little caravan, I rode with our "man of science" to examine these bergs. They consisted, in great measure, of a ferruginous rock, in which were imbedded vast quantities of curiously-shaped nodules. Thousands upon thousands of these, resembling rusty and ragged buckshot, grape or cannon balls, washed or worn by the action of the rain or atmosphere from the parent rock, lay scattered around. This stony carbonate of iron, known also as sphero-siderite, is curious in many respects. I have seen it in the Great Kanawha (Virginia) region in vast masses, containing at least seventy-five per cent. of iron—a somewhat unusual proportion, I believe, for this argillaceous ore. The nodules or balls are formed, in the first instance, around any accidental object, such as a lump of clay, or pebble, or even a grain of sand. One which we broke open displayed in its nucleus a beautifully impressed foliate mark, showing that the symmetrically rounded sphere had been, like Gœthe's system of botany, founded upon a leaf. When the outer casing is fractured or split, this inner kernel falls out, leaving a shell, which is often precisely like that of a nut, or the pulp of a fruit. I have seen these balls of ferruginous clay when split, exactly resemble a peach and its stone, even in color. Several which were gathered from this Kansas rock were like pickled walnuts, chocolate confections and pecans. Four miles from these hills, to the north, lie the celebrated rocks covered with Indian hieroglyphics, which were thus described eleven years ago by Max Greene: "Five years since it was my fortune to make a discovery on the bluffs of the Little Arkansas, about four miles northwest of the Santa Fe crossing, of which mention is here made in the hope that it will induce some one

skilled in archæological lore to visit the spot. There are hundreds of large flat rocks, some twenty feet broad, walling an aclivity that inclines from the river course to the southwest. Some of the characters are like those I have seen on the ledges of Rio Puerco and among the head-waters of the Gila. There is nothing modern in their appearance; they must have been graven there ages ago,

> "'While yet the Greek
> Was hewing the Pentelican to forms
> Of symmetry, and rearing on its rocks
> The glittering Parthenon.'

"These remains, I believe, are many leagues north of where any other inscriptions are extant similar to those of Uxmal or Palenque; and this fact may serve to strengthen the theory of the Cambrian legend of Azatlan and the Toltec tradition of their journeyings southward."

There are many of these Indian inscriptions on the rocks of Kansas; all of which will probably ere long vanish. I regretted to hear of a very curious and attractive one which has, even within the past year, been so shamefully defaced as to be at present well nigh destroyed. Should these lines meet the eye of any intelligent person in the West or Southwest, who may come near any of these "picture rocks," I would beg him, for the sake of science and history, to copy them—no matter how rudely—and send the copy to some historical society. I myself will gladly receive any favor of the kind, and transmit it to a proper receptacle. There is reason to believe that Aztec influences once prevailed among the tribes of Kansas, and it is possible that these picture rocks, which are said to differ very much from the common Indian "markings," may confirm this theory.

About 3 P. M. we reached Fort Ellsworth, and I cannot deny that the first impressions of the place were extremely cheerless. In contrast to the neat and cheerful buildings of creamy stone of Fort Riley, here were palisaded or stockaded huts of one story high, plastered with mud, and with flat mud roofs, on which a thick crop of dead weeds stood like the hair of a frightened man. The cordial welcome which we, however, received from the officers of this station, speedily removed any gloomy impressions of the kind. I shall, indeed, never forget the kindness, the hospitality, the joyful anticipation of our every possible want shown by these gentlemen. "You will want this on your journey—or that—let me lend it to you—I can readily spare it," was continually uttered. We had not halted before that "*bon compagnon*" and most hospitable gentleman, Major McElroy, had placed his tent at our service, furnished us with every toilette facility, and invited to dine those who had not been already hospitably "gobbled up" by other kind entertainers. Let those who will accuse me of intruding on the province of Jenkins, in thus mer

tioning names; if sincere gratitude in any form be wrong, then let me rank as a sinner *in sæcula.* Having spread my blankets in the corner of the Major's tent, and dined as his guest, I was next taken in hand by another most excellent good fellow and genial gentleman, Lieut. Browne, quartermaster, who devoted himself to making it "all right" for us with an energy and success which I have never seen surpassed in all my travels.*

The new fort buildings, a mile distant, as yet unfinished, are of a superior description, being built of sand-stone.

While standing on the outskirts of the fort, I saw approaching, on a diminutive pony, a middle-aged Kaw Indian. Abandoned scamps as the Kaws are, they are not a bad-looking tribe; in fact, the early French explorers called them *Les beaux hommes.* When at home, they wear bad hats; "lie on the bear-skin," as Germans say, and look utterly degraded. But when off on a tramp through the prairies, they array themselves in all the glories of shaved pates, red paint, silver jinglers in their ears, beads, red blankets, and other chaste and severe indications of refined taste, which no gentleman's toilette should be without. This is done to conciliate their brethren of the Plains, who have a way of taking off the waterfalls of all civilized-dressed Indians, without chloroform, which the latter cheerfully avoid. The gentleman approaching us had evidently arrayed himself in proper style for a visit to his friends in the country, and was beyond question as aboriginal as his means permitted. He had his head shaved in two lines, and colored according to the vermillion edict of his countrymen, which sanctions the use of any color on the face so that it be red, while his slashed ears, his silver ear-rings of many pendants (like those on a beaver-skin), his necklace, with a rude brooch made of a piece of shell, his belt, Indian shirt, tunic and leggings, all indicated the defiant savage. Our conversation was as follows:

"Hallo, Johnny."

"Ugh."

"Got any buffalo skins?"

"No buffel."

"Where's your lodge?"

Here the aborigine indulges in a series of manual vibrations, sawing off of fingers, pointing to the sun, and other romantic manipulations, which

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* "How grateful were the kind attentions of the jolly Major, who made such capital toddies, and pitched two big tents for us; the quartermaster, who wanted to give us everything he had in the world; the commissary, who replenished our stores, and the commandant, who asked us to dinner."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Toddies first!!—MEISTER KARL.

is explained by Lieutenant Browne to mean, "Over the plains to the southwest—a journey of a day and a half—a long, flat prairie, and over two hills."

"Been a soldier, Johnny?"

"Ugh. Me soldier, no. My sister been soldier."

And with this astounding and remarkable communication with regard to the part taken by his family in the great war of the rebellion, John departed.

The gray wolves, which howl as wildly around Fort Ellsworth as any other place on the plains, are here made a considerable source of profit to the soldiers, who shoot them with Quaker buttons, *i. e.* poison them with strychnine. *Lupus* finds a delicious dead horse spread out for his banquet, *et ululat*, "and howls" *tunc fratres ejus*—"then his brethren" *audientes*, "hearing," *vocem*, "his voice," rush to the feast and perish miserably. *Hæc fabula docet*, "this fable teaches" that horse flesh is an extremely dangerous article to meddle with, whether by wolves or men. I believe, but I am not certain, that I was told that about 1,800 wolf-skins were thus secured at Ellsworth last year. I have, however, myself seen within a mile, on one afternoon, two gray wolves, large as Newfoundland dogs, lying dead and poisoned on the plains.

During the cold weather the wolves suffer. At the time, as Francois Villon saith,

Quand les loups vivent de vent."

Then they howl wildly over the snow, and will sometimes attack a man. Then, too, the buffalo "come to town," and last winter one dashed through the camp. There is, perhaps, not a log hut in the settlement which has not had its rattlesnake beating time between the canvas lining and the timbers. In one of these cabins a *crotalus durissus*, or rattlesnake of the heavy sort, not long since made his home in a snug corner over the canvas ceiling. The occupant was lulled to sleep, night after night, by the gentle rattle of the "sarpent" over his head. One day it occurred to him to put a large and particularly ferocious tom cat, by way of scientific experiment, into the aperture around the stove-pipe. Tom made his way, searching mice, for a time over the ceiling, "and then the music began." There was a hideous duet of rattling, hissing, squalling, molrowing and other melodies, until Thomas reappeared with every particular hair on end, "looking as large as four common cats," his tail intensely dilated, his eyes in a horrid rage, and thus excited dashed forth in a bee-line out into the plains, and was never more seen of man. From that hour the snake too was silent, and peace reigned in Warsaw.

It was at Ellsworth that I first had an opportunity of studying the prairie dog, which has also been studied and described by Horace Greeley

and other great lights of science. The two which I observed were named Bob and Bill. They cannot bark without jumping, nor jump (if a dog be "convenient") without biting. Either one of them is a match for any amount of single dog; as they pin their opponent by the nose, and will not let go under less than two apples and a pint of chestnuts. When well fed their impudence becomes sublime; their fatness a comfortable thing to contemplate. That they are intelligent is proved by the fact that they not only know enough to go in when it rains, but are also scientific to the degree of preventing the rain from coming in after *them*—which they effect by sagaciously casting up a circular earthwork around the mouth of their subterranean homes. They are on the whole rather numerous on the plains, there being about one to every square yard, and are, in fact, almost as common as skunks in that broad expanse of country. As regards the latter beautiful beast, I can only say that if there were anything in Indian names, the term Chicago *should* have been applied to all Kansas, instead of the Garden City. To render my meaning clear to the uninitiated, I would say that Chicago is said to mean in Indian "the place of skunks."

We had been told that a great Indian Council of five thousand warriors would be found at Ellsworth. In place of this army we had found only a single gentleman of the aboriginal persuasion, who admitted that his sister was the only warrior of the family. The five thousand we learned were afraid to "come in," and had determined to assemble in reduced quantities at Fort Zarah—two days' journey to the south. We, therefore, determined to relinquish with regret our opportunities to mingle in the first society of the Cheyennes and Kiowas, and follow up with zeal the line of the Union Pacific Railroad so far as graded, and beyond that to its last surveying station, sixty miles and two days' journey further on. And with this resolve I retired to the floor of the tent, laid two blankets (borrowed) upon it for a bed, wrapped two others (purchased) around me, and with my head pillowed on my leather haversack, fell asleep.

LETTER ELEVENTH.

FOSSIL CREEK, Kansas, November 10, 1866.

"Things have changed here somewhat since the good old times," remarked a friend as we paused by the roadside near a ranche or stage station known as Buffalo Creek. "In those days the extra-sized Chinco-

teagues gaped around here by millions, and now you can only get them in cans."

These comments were passed over an examination of the shells of the *inocerami*, with which, or rather with the impressions of which, the rocks here abounded. In fact, for nearly a hundred miles it is impossible to find a stone which does not contain imprints of these bivalves, which bear such a strong family likeness to the real natives.

"Yes," resumed my friend, "in those days it was all water here, and now there is no water to speak of—nothing but whisky, as a general thing. How beautiful is Nature! It never rains but it pours."

This want of water, which cannot be denied, recalls several other wants of the plains, which it may be as well to discuss. One of these is the "plentiful lack" of fuel or timber, which seriously alarms many who propose settling in this country. It is, indeed, not many weeks since I read a long article intended to prove that trees never could grow on the prairies or the plains, let man do what he might, and I have more than once met with printed "anilities and asinisms" to the same effect. When we observe that the great part of Ohio, and millions of acres in Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, which are now dense forest lands, were once evidently flat prairie, we have a tolerably lucid and clear answer to the question whether trees will grow on the immense lea-lands of the West. The old settlers can all remember when the places now shaded by forests of beeches and oaks, were open fields and buffalo ranges. *On a changé tout cela.* As tree vegetation has advanced over the plains, rain has become more frequent and water-courses more abundant, in accordance with that natural law so beautifully expressed by a poet:

> "Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
> Full to the brim our rivulets played,
> And fountains sparkled in the shade."

The ease with which trees can be set out and raised in the prairies is something remarkable, when they can be guarded against prairie fires. All through the Valley of the Kansas, which I have, in fact, been following from its mouth at Wyandotte, timber abounds along the creeks. From Wyandotte to within a few miles of Lawrence, wherever wood has "had a chance," the valley is heavily timbered. In the words of my excellent and enterprising friend, Mr. Copley, of the Pittsburg *Gazette*, "White oak and burr oaks abound, and I observed some red, black and other varieties of oak of all kinds, hickory, soft maple, elm, sycamore, black walnut, cotton-wood, hackberry, poplar and ash. Here the railway company have on their own ground an inexhaustible supply of timber for ties and other purposes, and numerous steam saw mills are busy working it up. The soil in this timbered district is surpassingly rich. The value

of such a tract to a railroad which runs for hundreds of miles through a prairie country, can hardly be estimated."

There is, however, a great waste of wood to be observed in the vicinity of Topeka. Dismal, black, girdled trees, scathed by fire and left to rot, stand like armies of ghastly spectres in the corn-fields, or lie rotting on the ground, when a hundred miles further on there is such a demand for lumber, and at such prices as I never before witnessed, even in the oil region of Pennsylvania. There need be no fear that, with proper attention, wood will ever be wanting, when the plains are settled. Even in Europe it is never deficient when care is taken to supply it. As regards enclosures for stock, Kansas is, I believe, the native land of the Osage orange, "which makes a hedge impervious to pigs, and before which the most resolute cows stand aghast in mute despair." (I quote from a gardener's advertisement.)

There is an impression prevalent that the plains of Kansas are deficient in stone for building materials. I cannot better correct this than by again quoting from the ever observant and invaluable Copley:

"THE BLUFFS.

"More or less distant from the river (as before intimated) the valley or bottom land is bounded by bluffs of moderate elevation, varying from fifty to one hundred feet in height. These bluffs are perfectly destitute of timber, and are covered with grass, except where the singularly regular stratified limestone rocks crop out. In some places, extending for long distances, these rocks present the appearance of regular and handsome masonry of straight vertical range-work, which is not the least beautiful feature of this paradisical valley.

"But their beauty is of small moment compared with their utility, for they yield the best and cheapest, and most beautiful building material I ever saw. The mass is composed of layer over layer for many feet in thickness, the several strata being from five to six, or to sometimes twenty inches in thickness. The texture is not unlike that of marble, but it will not receive the same polish. The color of the stones is a light yellowish gray, and whether viewed near or at a distance, they make beautiful houses. But the most remarkable quality in these stones is, that when fresh quarried they can be sawed like timber with toothed saws, and yet after being exposed to the weather for a short time, they acquire the hardness of marble. At Junction City there is one of these stone saw mills in operation, and I saw some buildings composed of the blocks thus sawed. They were twelve or fourteen inches thick, by twice that length, and as regular as pressed brick. This will be pre-eminently the Valley of Stone Houses. These rocks underlie all the higher prairie land in Kansas."

I would add that this stone is identically the same with that which is so commonly used in France. It has the same softness when quarried and the same hardness when long exposed, and exhibits the same cavities, formed in part by "shrinkage" when the calcareous "slip" was a semi-liquid, and partly by the decay and disappearance of small marine animals. Near Fort Riley it contained very few fossils, but further up the valley it abounded in them, principally *inocerami*.

What the accurate Copley has said of the usual height of the hillocks of the plains may be remembered by travelers. For at a distance these rolls of undulating prairie, aided by atmospheric effect, look like mountains far away. I shall not soon forget the evening when, with my colleague of the *Tribune*, we went forth determined to scale a distant-seeming summit, which rose like another Gray Lock against the "dimmering sky." "You'll never get there," said young Gideon, of Ohio. "Look out for Indians," remarked Gideon, the elder, of Philadelphia. "Don't fall into a gopher hole," recommended Y. and Dot, late of Chattanooga. "Come back in time for supper," quoth Epistemon, ye secretary. "Take your guns with you," said Friar John. "Go to buffalo grass," howled Gymnast. And we went. In a few minutes the camp was in the middle distance; a few more, and it formed a picturesque background, worthy of Bierstadt. The "mighty mountain afar off" was soon reached, and from its summit, not higher than most city houses, we saw broad and wide, in all its glory, a prairie scene in the deepened darkening twilight. Far away before us rolled the plain, seeming so infinitely large, as though whole countries, Assyrias beyond Assyrias, *might* be discerned, had we but the hawk-eyes to decipher the horizon—suggestive of one of those sketches by Turner, which, after a few minutes' study, seem to be finished to the ultimate organic cells. All around, but deepening into night, lay the broad band of color, from violet to red, with a full ribbon of orange, which hangs over the prairie in every Indian summer sunset, while above twinkled the early stars, Astarte and the new moon shining beneficently over the right shoulder. In the distant camp shot up the fire before which dark figures passed from time to time, while faint shouts now and then reached the ear. The low walls of the ranche rose black against the sky; the high stacks of hay seemed strange monuments, and beyond all long lines of red fires rose like the conflagration of cities. I had been told at Riley that the prairie fires were unusually beautiful and picturesque this year, and I can readily believe it. I have seen the ancient light of Vesuvius by night, as it rose and fell in marvelous glory, but it did not impress me more deeply than did the long, wild sweep of the prairie fires of the West.

It is not always serene in this life, and there are places where comfort cannot be cut to order, as I ascertained to my entire dissatisfaction when, with a feeling of *la grippe*, resulting from an all-over-ish cold and hard trotting, I arrived in a pouring rain at Bunker Hill station, where we were permitted to sleep in a not very nice stable, four in a stall, on the ground, with a rather scanty under-crust of hay. The gentleman in the next chamber—I should say stall—was a solemn mule, who munched his coarse hay all night long with a mechanical regularity. Once or twice I

awoke—the same steady *chomp, chomp* lulled me to sleep again. If the reader be a person of penetration, he has by this time, doubtless, observed that our excursion was of a slightly chequered nature. It had varied from the best of Augustine's cooking—which is the best anywhere—to salt pork and hard tack, and not much of it at that—from the choicest champagne to Indian whisky, for the genial sons of Pantagruel in our party—from Cabanas to Missouri cut-and-dried—and were not half done yet.

On the morn it was clear and cold—as it seemed to me, never colder, when the *Tribune* kindly poured out freezing water, little by little, from a tin cup for the *Press* to wash itself by—we had no other way to perform our ablutions, and were thankful for even this small amount of wash. When a man has not had a bath for a week he is fit to sleep with mules; ten days of such a state inspires him to steal a horse or shoot an Indian; after two weeks, I am told, he votes the Democratic ticket and poisons his grandmother. "We wanted to buy some hay and corn at this ranche, but the hostlers are strictly forbidden to sell any forage, and our note from Gillespie was not thought sufficient to cover the case. 'But if you *will* take it forcibly,' said the head man, 'I guess your party is the strongest.' So *we* took it with most fierce and ruffianly countenances, paid for it, shook hands all round, and rode away." This is the cool and joyous manner in which the *Tribune* describes an outrage of which its correspondent was guilty at this place. The attention of the authorities is respectfully called to this occurrence.

As we rode along in the ambulance, that morning, I saw afar off, on a hill, five black dots. On the prairie everything has a meaning. We rode along and around for a mile—I looked at a distant spot, but *down* near a *canyon*—there were the five dots still, but they had changed their position. As I gazed they seemed to be cattle browsing, and cattle they were, but the free cattle of the prairie—unbranded and unowned, for they were—buffaloes.

Our three horsemen had seen them, too, for I soon beheld them winding far away to the left, stealing up to the game, and then dashing into full gallop like cavaliers in a charge.

> "Brave gentlemen with spurs,
> Who went fast riding o'er the hills
> And trampling through the furze."

Alas! it was all in vain. They did not see, they had not imagined the gulches and canyons and other impassibilities which lay between them and the beef. The buffaloes for that day escaped, and the hunters returned without having had a shot. "The creatures stole away in buffalonious manner," said Epistemon, and thus ended the chapter. Mean-

while I had paused with our *savant* at a bank which seemed to promise coal, and in which there was indeed a vein of something which had a cheerful hydro-carbonny appearance. But it was not coal, or if coal, it was of that Rhode Island kind, of which it was joyously said, that he who stood upon a ton of it at the last day, would be the last man burnt. I regret to chronicle the fact, for there had been, I believe, certain expectations—blessed are they who expect nothing. We consoled ourselves by admiring an admirable efflorescence of sulphur, and gathering beautiful crystals of selenite, of which great quantities were found.

While here geologizing we were joined by Mr. Wickes, a gentleman who has labored most efficiently in surveying the route of the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division, and whose name will always be connected with its history. His camp was at no great distance; at what was called Fossil creek, from the petrefactions in the rocks, and immediately adjacent to the stick-and-mud stable and hut which form a station on the great Overland Mail Stage route. Here the last of the outlines of the Pacific Railway were reached, and here we attained our last resting-place among horses. The new camp was not a bad place, and Mr. Wickes and his staff exerted themselves to the utmost to make it agreeable to us. Kindness and hospitality in the wilderness is ten-fold more grateful than in towns, but when it is accompanied by every little act of courtesy which innate politeness can suggest, its memory can never be lost. We had received such attentions at many places and from many "groups" of hosts here and there on our journey, and I am glad to say that they were continued to the last point of the excursion.

A little incident soon proved that we had got into the wilderness. A rancheman came in and reported that, going out some six miles to catch a mule, he had seen six or seven Indians "on the loose," all armed and "looking bad." "I hadn't but two loads in my gun," he added, "and so I *put* for home." That little clause of having only two loads in his gun, adduced as an excuse for not holding an interview with the representatives of a nation with whom we were diplomatically supposed to be at profound peace, and which was narrated as a common-place incident of every-day life, made its little impresssion on a mind professionally susceptible to items. "What country for a reporter!" was my comment to the *Tribune*. "And *he* said it was."

Although we had seen but little of the Indian thus far, I had met at Fort Ellsworth a melancholy trace of his presence, and a terrible illustration of the reasons for the undying hatred of the red man, which is to be everywhere found on the frontier. While there, I had been introduced to Mrs. Box and her two daughters, who had been made prisoners—I believe by the Cheyennes. My readers can hardly fail to remember the

terrible story connected with their name, and which was published some weeks since in many newspapers. Living on the border of Texas, they were attacked by the savages, their husband and father was murdered before their eyes, and they themselves borne into captivity, where they endured indescribable torture, outrage and degradation. I was also introduced to and conversed with Lieutenant Hesselberger, the gallant young officer who went among the Indians and effected their ransom. While negotiating for their freedom, the poor mother and her daughter, a young girl of prepossessing appearance, were subjected to the most infernal abuse in his very presence.

Events like these are of frequent occurrence. At one place on the road we had seen, a day's travel further back, the blackened chimney of a ranche burned by the Indians "last spring." It is to be regretted that Government should continue to pay annuities to any tribe, any portion of which is at war with us. I was told that the very tribe which had murdered Mr. Box were among those who were to receive presents at Zarah. Meanwhile the Indians understand perfectly that the completion of the Pacific Railway to Denver will cut in two the great buffalo range of the North American continent, which will, in a great measure, deprive the tribes of the plains of their principal means of support. Hence it is rumored that they intend forming, or have already formed, a grand league, and intend war. Such rumors always prevail, however, especially in military circles on the frontier. It is, at least, certain that they are at present at peace among themselves, and this is said to be most significant of evil for the whites. The Indians of the plains can muster about fifteen thousand warriors, and numbers of these have served in the army during the war. I was told that on one occasion they had fought successfully "in the white style."

Those who had the pleasure of forming intimacies with these aboriginal "soldiers and gentlemen" while they wore Uncle Sam's uniform, were at a subsequent period often greatly agitated at meeting the friends whom they had formerly met under such military circumstances, badly relapsed into red ear-rings, lime-tanned moccasins and chemises *brodées a la* porcupine. Such was the case of Captain Smith, who parted with Lieutenant Jones under the impression that the latter, although a few shades darker than other people, and three or four octaves higher on the whisky gamut, when an opportunity to sing presented itself, was still very much of a gentleman. That any man who could play poker with the imperturbability of a bronze statue, and copper on the ace with such an exquisite tact, could be other than a real Christian never once occurred to Smith. Time rolled down—the rebel cause went up—Smith and Jones took their last charge of "commissary" together and parted. One day, about a year

after, Smith was very far out of doors on the plains, when he found himself suddenly involved in a wreath of savages. Having pacified them with a pint of sugar, and otherwise convinced them that he was a gentleman whose friendship was to be desired, Smith began to regard with some interest a stupendous native in an incredibly crimson blanket, who, without deigning to so much as grunt, had, up to date, sat like a sceptered hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. On asking who he might be, the magnate condescended to honor Smith with a superb *demi oeillade*, or as the Irish say, "a bit of a stare out of the tops of his eyes," and murmured a few haughty sentences in Dakota to an attendant, which were thus translated to the amazed Captain:

"Him big Ingin—him heap big Ingin—him mighty d—n big heap big Ingin—him JONES!"

When last seen, Smith had just written a letter to the Secretary of the Interior, recommending the extermination of the Indian tribes as the only certain means of pacifying the frontier.

Certain signs about camp convinced us that we were at last getting to buffalo in earnest. There were raw hides, quarters of "prairie beef," various curious dried relics of the mighty prey, and finally there was the greatest sign of all, Howell,* the Hunter himself, the man whose *bona fide* and daily paid and salaried business it was to hunt buffalo, and supply the camp with meat—yea, that very morning he had gone forth, and before eight o'clock had laid low in the grass three of the beefy monsters. A sensible, sober, gentlemanly, well-spoken man we found him, and one well versed in all game.

So that afternoon we too went forth to try our luck and our seven-shooters on the *Shemunga*. Our excellent chief in command, Colonel Charles B. Lamborn, and Captain Colton, (both of whom had in old days charged many a rebel over stock and stone when in the Anderson Cavalry,) now appeared with Mr. Browne, on horseback, while the *Tribune* and the *Press* followed leisurely in the ambulances, drawn by four "fiery mules." This was the result of an extremely deep laid and intelligent arrangement, it having been suggested that we might come across some of the identical buffaloes seen and described by Mr. Greeley in 1860, in which case it could not be doubted that the unfortunate animals, should they perceive the same newspaper after them again, with such a formidable ally as Forney's *Press*, would not fail to take to immediate flight.

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* Certain parties, among them the New York *Tribune* and that very excellent authority, *the hunter himself*, call this name Howland. However, there is always a great deal to be said on both sides. Meanwhile the other side may Howl *and* be hanged to them!

I observed, with interest, that Howell the Hunter bore swinging from his belt a butcher's steel. There was something so extremely suggestive of meat expected in this little implement, that I seemed to awake at once into the fact that we were really not unlikely to imbrue our hands in blood, after all. What I had hitherto regarded as visionary, now began to seem truly bisonary. And we rode on and over the plains, holding converse meanwhile with Brigham, our driver—a character infinitely better worth booking than was ever Ross Browne's Yusef—Bayard Taylor to hold the stakes.

"There they are!"

Two dots—two punctuation points or a colon on the vast book of the prairie—prosaically, two buffaloes or bison. "'Way ever so far off." We go soberly along, while they browse around; we draw nearer.

Our cavalry proposed to ride around, to circumvent them, if possible, and drive them down to the ambulance, from which the representatives of a great unfettered press (the mighty organ of a free people) might pepper away at them without rising. It is needless to say that this proposal met with the unfeigned approval of the representatives in question.

"Now—break! The buffaloes are running." And they broke. Over plain and canyon at headlong speed go the hunters. The ambulance rolls behind at a most respectable gait, for Brigham is an old Santa Fe, Indian-trading frontiersman, and can get almost a horse's run out of the "animules." On and on. One of the "buffs" has vanished—the other goes on rearing and plunging like a ship at sea. We are near enough now to see the whole play. *Bang!* goes the first carbine—he is hit—but not hurt. Col. Lamborn is riding him down now!—there goes his revolver on a close shot—the load is too light! Then there is some quick tacking, and the man that took the reb with an empty pistol, tries *his* luck with a full carbine.

Is the bull mortally wounded? *Quien sabe?* for night is coming on, and it is not worth while to go on. The superb, exquisitely high-toned sunset is graying darker and darker—we must return.

How the Hunter did it I do not know, but he took us in a straight line, *after dark*, ten miles over the plain to camp. I think Santa Fé Brigham himself had some little doubt on our going right—at least I noticed when we came to the road he cried aloud: "*Esta la camina!*"—and added, in an exquisite blending of frontier English with Castilian—"and *thar* goes the trail—right down along the *vega!*"

Although we had no game to show, "Gideon's band" celebrated that night, with its songs all the louder, the great chase, for we had not only Panurge and Epistemon and Gymnast, and all the regulars, but also a large addition of *bons Gualtiers et francs compagnons*, who made, with

stupendous prairie howls and wails, an overpowering effect on the grand chorus :

Hoo! hoo! hoo! the Muscolgee;
Wah! wah! wah! the blasted tree!
I slew the chief of the Muscolgee,
I burnt his squaw at a blasted tree!
By the hind legs I tied up his cur,
He had no time to fondle on *her*.
Hoo! hoo! hoo! the Muscolgee;
Wah! wah! wah! the blasted tree!

I stripped his skull all naked and bare,
And here's his scalp with a tuft of hair;
His heart is in the eagle's maw,
His bloody bones the wolf doth gnaw.
Hoo! hoo! hoo! the Muscolgee;
Wah! wah! wah! the blasted tree!

A fagot from the blasted tree
Fired the lodge of the Muscolgee:
His sinews serve to string my bow
When bent to lay his brethren low.
Hoo! hoo! hoo! the Muscolgee!
Wah! wah! wah! the blasted tree!

It is a fine song when those who do the chorus have learned *how* to do it among the Indians; and I always observed that it had a deeply moving and solemn effect on one of our party—a taciturn gentleman of semi-Indian blood, who never laughed at it, but always listened intently to this exquisite gem of Choctaw song, for which the world is indebted to the translative powers of the great Gerstæcker. Some there were who thought that he liked not this barbarous lyric. But I have seen it greatly admired of Kaws, and I prefer to believe that he detected in it the dark and deep aboriginal chords of feeling which, like the quarter and eighth tones in Arab music, are inaudible to our Anglo-Saxon ears.

In another letter I shall describe a buffalo chase which was *not* unsuccessful—a mighty, massive, heavy, stormy hunt. "To be continued in our next." *Vale!*

LETTER TWELFTH.

FOSSIL CREEK, KANSAS, Nov. 11, 1866.

"Who are these kedunks, anyhow? What business 'ev they got in here?"

Such were the remarks, in an angry tone, of a driver of the overland stage, who, on entering the not very nice stable in which we slept at

Fossil Creek, found three of its rather rough stalls occupied by our sleeping party.

"They're the fellers that own the Specific Railway," was the reply, "and they've got an order from Mr. Gillespie to let them sleep in here."

"Wal," was the rejoinder, "all *I've* got to say is, that Gillespie's order aint worth nothin' to keep horses out in the rain on a cold night. Dern the coots—why don't they pile in thicker?"

Saying this he turned in his horses loose, and they wandered about in that manner which is peculiar to horses in the dark—*which* is alarming to over-nervous persons.

(The *Tribune* here raised its head, and remarked that they were the biggest bugs he had ever had to crawl over him.)

O, Life! how great are thy changes! But a few days since we were *fêted* to enjoy all the honors and comforts invented—cities sent forth their bravest and loveliest to "do us proud"—Leavenworth and Lawrence lent us their carriages, and stood Imperial Missouri champagne and Havanas, *ad libitum*, and gave us their best beds *gratis*, and called us great names, and cooked us broiled oysters with Madeira, and grouse—and now we were more than a little lower than the horses, and despised of coachmen.

It has been my destiny ere this to sleep on the bare ground among artillery horses. My device for keeping them away was original and peculiar. I divided the fragment of a carefully-hoarded morsel of hard-tack between two of the drivers, who, affected by the tenderness of the little gift, suffered me to sleep between them. Horses never trample on their drivers, as I well knew—a grand moral instinct teaches them to avoid the storm of profanity which is sure to follow their intrusion. Now, alas! I had no crackers and no drivers. But while revolving the subject, I fell asleep and slumbered unharmed until daybreak.

When it broke it found the daring, high-spirited, audacious, fearless and valorous chivalry of our party on the *qui vive* and the rampage, zealously preparing for a high-pressure hunt. Our commander, Colonel Lamborn, who had been from the beginning indefatigable, in every possible respect, to promote the comfort and cheerfulness of his charge; who was the last to bed and the first to rise, that he might keep a watchful eye—in fact, *both* eyes—on the wants and fancies of every one, and who had, in a word, proved himself a brilliant brick—was now circulating around and doing more for everybody than anybody ever did for himself, to insure for everybody a pleasant day's diversion. To me he lent his good black horse, which had shown itself fully accomplished in running up to buffalo and shying off. Young Gideon, the ever-glorious, (with his jet horse-shoe in his hat,) was mounted on his favorite bay. Gideon, the elder, and our ever-cheerful "Golly," sat in the ambulance,

driven of Brigham; the *Tribune*, stately and chevalresque, (whom we were wont to pass off on strangers as the English lord of the party,) cantered along with his carbine *en sling*, while Y., of Chattanooga, now of Y. (Wyandott), took the lead whenever a joke was started. And with him went Saint Lewis.

Howell, the Hunter, took the lead. *How* well he did it will appear from the sequel. The sky smiled; several of the units of our party followed its example, and we rode on. The prairie dogs looked impudently at us, and chattered in the ancient Dakota their opinions of our appearance; and John, the orderly—the only orderly being in the cavalcade—brought up the rear. The festive skunks ran by into the high grass; a jack-rabbit went bounding along like an antelope, and it was all correct with Nature. North we went, and still north, until we had gained the ground of the day before.

"Look! don't you see them? There they are." Straight ahead, but far away. Yes, we can count them. "Twelve?" "No, fourteen." "D'ye see that little dot—that's a calf." And there!—there!—ever so far to the right. There must be thirty in that other herd. *They* are three miles off. If we miss the fellows straight ahead, we'll turn on the second lot. By Jove! there's another congregation of buffs off to the left! Now, boys, go in for your beef! There's your dinner on four legs!

If one is to the leeward of the buffalo, he may ride to within half a mile of them before they will take the alarm—sometimes much nearer. So we rode on—the ambulance behind. Now we come to a canyon or ravine. The *Tribune*, young Gideon and Saint Lewis ride circumventingly by and cautiously around to the right, while I sagaciously conclude to stick to Howell, as doth the "Y-and-dot." We come to a great canyon—a ravine—and we ride softly into it and along it, peeping over the edge, so as to get as near as possible to the bison of a buffalo whom we intend to astonish with some remarkable specimens of a carbineiferous formation. Meanwhile our genial Golly has left the "avalanche," and is still-hunting the game afoot, on his own hook. He too got a shot.

(I ought to be ashamed to confess it, but as I went along *that ravine*, I was so forgetful, both of game and geology, as to look around for an instant and wonder if it wouldn't pay to bore for oil.)

We are on the other side, and the herd is still walking slowly away. I can see them now distinctly, and the thought suddenly strikes me that, for the first time in my life, I am beholding live buffalo *without paying a quarter!* I am like Daniel in the lion's den, "who sot up all night lookin' at the show, and it didn't cost him a cent!" This is indeed the romance of travel.

"Ha! they're running! Now—BREAK! Whip, cut, go! Ride your best! Let drive—the chase is up! Hi-i-i-i!—whoop! Now we're on it! Hurrah! Saint Lewis! Go it, young Gideon! *Rap! rap! rap! rap!*—now we have got to the *mad* speed—to the full run—to the delirium!

"Rip! slash! whip and spur!
Sang Billy Wing-the-Wind."

Now it is the full runaway speed, but he still gets the spur. Faster, faster. From an elevation I see the three right-hand flankers in advance, turning the herd. *Crack* goes a carbine. The buffalo turn to the left. I ride straight on, and in a minute am the nearest to the herd by my short cut. Rearing and plunging like ships in a high sea; their tongues hanging out, "with broad breast, distended nostrils, head, hump and tail to the tip, projected in a straight line like castings of bronze, driving on with terrible force, one after another—as locomotives will over the Pacific Railroad—hereafter."

Hey, how they ride! *Tribune* flying like a scudding cloud on his gallant grey. Lewis fast and well; Yardly cool and resolved, and I—as the *Tribune* afterwards told the world—"tearing madly along like an insane savage!" Yes, reader—little as you would believe it—it was thus he spoke of *me*, his friend. "Like an insane savage!" But he had the grace to say that Meister Karl rode "almost into the herd." For, it was about a rod from the great bull-patriarch of the herd, a stupendous mass of hairy horrors, who resembled all the fancied bugaboos of my boyhood raised to the tenth power, that I raised my carbine, and taking deliberate aim, pulled the trigger. Oh, misery! it snapped! Three times I cocked and pulled trigger with the same result—which was mortifying. The herd sweep by, and I pull up to repair damages and try again.

There are two buffalo turning away to the left, and three of the party pursuing another to the right, along a ravine. Shall I chase the two or help make sure of the one? I decide on the latter. Now it is full run again. Hurrah! Saint Louis has hit the hind leg and the game limps; not much, for the speed still tries our horses to the utmost. There now is a fine sight; the buffalo turns at bay. *Tribune* shies off gracefully; Y-and-dot *chassées* coquettishly to the right. Now it is a run again—full run. *Tribune* fires; I get a shot in behind the shoulder, on the run, and see it hit. We all fire; there is another charge from the extremely ill-tempered animal, which, in its mad despair, looks like the devil and the Democratic party all in one. I cherish this simile, for, despite all that is said of the impenetrability of buffalo skulls, the *Tribune* sent a ball clear through the skull into the brain, while *The Press* did its little

utmost, as already described. So down went the living symbol of rebellion, and "we" cut its throat, joyous at having secured our beef.*

I am afraid I must confess that there was *rather* a large amount of lead fired into that buffalo. Every man, of course, had to kill it, and it was unanimously agreed that to each of us belonged *all* the glory. Still it is not true, as envious wretches afterwards asserted, that the miserable animal was borne to earth by the sheer weight of lead which it carried in all except the vital parts, and that it was caught as boys catch frogs, by administering shot one by one, which are taken in until the reptile can no longer jump. Spiteful, small-minded, pitiful detractors in St. Louis and along the road did indeed say (inspired by political hatred) that we made a lead mine of the animal. Against this I triumphantly allege the testimony of Howell the Hunter, who, like a judicious person, expressed amazement at the excellence of the shots, and who paid a high compliment to *the quality of the beef.* "We might have killed forty buffalo," said that truly high-minded and intelligent man, "and not have got such meat." Which proves that we showed great sense in our selection!

The quickness and neatness with which the murdered buffalo was butchered by Mr. Howell was to me amazing—which reminds me of a little story:

On the morning of October 29, while riding in the Market street cars towards the Pennsylvania Central depot, where I was to join the excursion, I was attracted by the appearance of a burly giant of a butcher, who was discussing a point with two others of the craft.

"You needn't tell *me*," said he, "that any man in this crowd kin kill twenty sheep in four hours. Twenty sheep, and butcher 'em clean! It can't be done."

"Bill Metzger used to do it," suggested a youth, who looked as if he were learning;—a sort of *candidatus artis carnificis*.

"Bill Metzger! Yes, of course, *Bill* Metzger could do it. But, then, Bill Metzger *was a great man!*"

Now as I firmly believe that Mr. Howell can skin and clean twenty buffalo in four hours, I submit that, according to high authority, he may justly be called "a great man."

In the wilderness we first find out what a man can do. In the wilderness I had discovered I could hit a buffalo on the wing and cut its throat—albeit, somebody in the party remarked that I had "almost got the creature's head off." The remark did not greatly "disgruntle" me, for I remember to have once heard in Italy that a man, when he cuts his first

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*I afterwards read in the *Tribune* that Meister Karl "rushed in, and, with savage glee, cut her throat." Savage glee! *Savage glee!* A nice way, that, to spake of the likes of us, ye divil!

throat, always nearly decapitates his victim. Afterwards he does it more gracefully. And in the wilderness it was that the elegant Saint Lewis developed a talent as assistant butcher, which caused a thrill of admiration. In the wilderness we, too, all turned cooks, and as most of us had had more or less army practice and bush life, it is not remarkable that in this department we speedily covered ourselves with dirt and glory.

How do you suppose, O gentle reader! that we cooked our buffalo hump on the prairie, where there are no sticks or coal? (I sincerely hope that I may get well over these coming sentences—"I'm almost sorry that I e'er begun." Truly one lives and learns.)

There is a certain fuel known in Tartary and Persia as *argols*. The same is found on the plains. The glowing and poetic Max Greene has most fortunately, I find, "arranged" this explanation for me.

"Cooking on the prairie," says this brave Kansasgraphist, "is done in messes of a dozen or so of the like minded, or of sufficient homogeneousness to render them tractably gregarious. For the first three hundred miles out they have log fires; thenceforward to the Rabbit-Ear the sole recourse for fuel is *bois de vache*, (a comfort are foreign words wherein to express inelegant ideas!) and these, technically termed 'buffalo chips,' are gathered by armfuls, dry and nice, from among the short grass, and heaped together in mounds two and three feet in height, which, when ignited, emit somewhat of unpleasant odor, it must be confessed, but, at the same time, for a whole night, without replenishing, smoulder away with furnace-like intensity of heat. *Bois de vache* is fuel defensible, not merely on the score of utility, for it is Hobson's choice, and if not totally grateful to the olfactories, is not for such trifling reason to be sneezingly rejected."

With *bois de vache*, then, and prairie weeds, did Brigham, the driver, build up a fire. In the wagon were frying-pan and gridiron, salt, pepper, pickles of the best, butter and bread. Then there was cooking—O, great Gaster, god and king, commemorated by our blessed father, Saint Rabelais, how we *did* cook! Brigham and the orderly preferred to have their meat fried in a pan, with copious lumps of salt pork (heaven help their blindness!) and so they fried it. *We* believed in broiling, and not too much of it either, on a hot fire, and so we broiled it. And, verily, the hump of the buffalo is a dainty morsel to a hungry man—daintier, indeed, to the accomplished *gourmet* than to the common feeder. A French cook would doubtless make some brilliant strokes of genius with it; I venture to suggest, in all humility, that plum jelly, or that of grape, would be its natural counter-point. For, as currant jelly suits venison, and peach jelly the racy flavor of bear meat, so the piquant plum, softened in fibre, would exactly balance the savory meat of the buffalo. (Since writing the

foregoing, I have talked the matter over in solemn conclave with the great Blot, and he suggests *a la moding*. Why not?)

Close at hand, in a canyon, we found cold, sweet water. So we fed and were merry. In fact, I should like to know when we were not merry. It may not be dignified to confess it, but I must avow that such a hearty, thorough-going set of laughers, such irrepressible jokers, such scientific and diabolically conscienceless punsters, such roarers of ancient and quaint ballads, such Robin Good Fellows with memories stored with droll devices, Bruscambillian arguments and Tabourétian tricks of language, I have seldom, if ever, met, as were the members of our party. Much of this had been at times called forth by a singular device. One day there arose among the brethren a small hat, made from a champagne cork, and this was "put up" under the condition that he who had last made an original joke should keep it until another had trumped it with one as good.

Now, the cork in question had been extracted from a bottle of what is known as Imperial champagne, and the hat consequently bore on its top the distinctive symbol of royalty or empire. In other words, "Y-and-Dot" discovered, on looking at the hat, that it had a *crown* to it.

Here, of course, were cries of "hat!" "hat!" and "Y" and "Dot" received the symbol. But he did not keep it long—nor "any other man."

Major McElroy, at Ellsworth, was the first who punned the hat out of our party. It was a terrible contest, but we let it go. Another hat was soon provided; there was no lack of material wherewith to make one.

I am aware that some of these details may seem frivolous to those who do not go deeply in anthropological analysis, according to Comte and Buckle; yet one might as well hope to give an idea of Democracy without alluding to whisky, or write the secret history of Andrew Johnson without mentioning counterfeiters, as to historiograph the great Pacific expedition and not set forth the social influence upon it of *that hat*. From our uprising to our down-lying the hat went around like the inextinguishable laughter of the gods. The only man who ever kept it for more than an hour was the *Tribune*, and he did it by putting the hat in his pocket, mounting his horse and riding away into lonely ravines, among the desolate buttes, where he probably passed the time in putting conundrums to the cayotes and selling the wolves.

On our return to camp, one of the mules distinguished himself as a sportsman, by winging a skunk—I should say, I believe, a *mephitis Americana?*—with his hoof. It was a good shot, and the piebald party (which resembles another piebald political party that I wot of, in more

than one respect,) limped away into the high grass, looking as if it had just heard from the Missouri election. On the same ride we had a curious illustration of the singular affinity which exists between mules and white horses. We were jogging along over the prairies, listening to Brigham's anecdotes of Indian life and New Mexican adventures, Cheyennes and senoritas, when our orderly passed us on the run, mounted on one white horse, and leading another. This of course started our team off at full speed, to which no one objected, and we had a brilliant exhibition of their ability for a mile or two. In the South "green mules" are often led and controlled by using a white horse as persuader. The fact is indisputable. Should mules ever exercise the right of voting, it will be a millenium for white horses of political proclivities, for every mule is a Caligula at heart, and would gladly make his white horse a consul.

In this hunt we had gone about fifteen miles beyond Fossil creek—which is sixty miles beyond "Ellsworth"—which is eighty-seven miles, more or less, beyond "Riley." Of this fifteen miles the whole was more or less closely burrowed by prairie dogs, which are said to be on the increase, and abundantly *jonchée* with buffalo chips. Wild geese we saw in abundance winging their way in V's and uttering the loud sonorous *honk* dear to sportsmen. But small game is said to be diminishing rapidly on the Plains—a few years, and it will only live with the buffalo and Indian in faded type and on yellow pages.

We returned to camp in great glory, for we had, after much travail and contribulation of mind and resources, at last killed our buffalo. To be sure, we had expended much lead and powder, a whole bottle of pickles, and—no—we were out of fire-water *that* day. But did I not once know a bear hunt in Virginia, to effect which the projectors took two German regiments, a section of artillery, twenty ambulances, forty barrels of lager, and such stores of sour-kraut and Limburger as might have supplied a city? I, too, was an invited guest on that hunt—and if I had ever written an account of it, it would have made your hair stand on end!

The dread of glorifying too highly the great deeds of the Pacific Railway excursionists has hitherto prevented my alluding to the most remarkable incident of our hunt. I refer to the daring and wonderful exploit performed by one of us in riding his steed after the Indian fashion for one hundred yards on the full run, swinging around the neck of the animal, with one leg over the saddle. The brilliant feat, which is only to be witnessed among the Camanches, at present—and, indeed, is never attempted save by the *élite* of their best riders—was, however, successfully accomplished by *one* of us in a manner which inspired with admiration the oldest frontiersman present. I describe the event as it took

place, for the reason that certain envious and malignant wretches subsequently spoke of this unparalleled and terrific performance as the sheer result of an accident, caused by the rider's being thrown while firing close at a buffalo. By Apollo! I should like to see *them* get as well out of such a scrape with the devil's likeness in the form of a buffalo at bay coming at them full tilt, horns down! But such is this world which makes geese of other men's swans, and swans its own geese into the purest cygnitude.

That night we went to our supper with brave appetites, and to bed with a keen relish for rest. Next morning we were destined to right about, face, and turn the sole of our backs to the setting sun—and we wer ready for it.

LETTER THIRTEENTH.

FORT RILEY, KANSAS, Nov. 14, 1866.

"I don't call it being out of the world," said a gentleman one morning on the plains, "when we are on the world's *great road.*"

There is much food for reflection in this remark. Many people prefer to reside in great cities or near the sea, because they there realize that they are *en rapport* with the world's great centres of civilization. It is a feeling dear to every cosmopolite—and every man or woman is cosmopolite in proportion to his or her "culture." I do not know whether it has occurred to any writer, (as it doubtless has to many,) that in each of its great stages of development the world has had one *grand route*, which has been the real world of man while it lasted. In the almost pre-historic times of Phœnician commerce—we might, perhaps, say of Egyptian—the road led from India along the shores of the Mediterranean (not without its Lesseps, it is said,) to Cornwall in England. The Roman way led from the Seven-hilled City northward, along the Rhine, into France, and so on to "Watling street." Then came the Middle Ages, when from Venice to Nuremberg, from Nuremberg to Ghent, and from Ghent to London, there was one glorious line of Gothic churches and merchant prince palaces, with all the splendor of art and poetry. Then came Vasco de Gama in 1498, with his new route around the Cape of Good Hope, and the world's track of travel changed again, and Venice, and Augsburg, and Nuremberg, and Ghent faded into the perfect tense. Now we are building another road—the most wonderful of all—through regions once unknown, and men call it the Pacific Railway. And when, afar in the

wilderness among the buffaloes, I saw every day the overland stage, bearing the London and China mail, pass by, and found along its route the grading of the world's railroad advancing a mile in twenty-four hours, I felt that we were not so very remote from the most advanced points of civilization. After all, it does not take so long to send a letter from Denver to Paris as from many a place in Virginia to Philadelphia.

And beyond all this lies a stupendous conception as yet undeveloped, yet which is destined to a colossal growth. Many years ago the celebrated Iskander, or Alexander Hertzen, the great Russian publicist, said to me in a letter, "The Pacific ocean will be the Mediterranean of the future." When Eastern Russia and Western America shall each contain its hundred millions of inhabitants, it will be as Iskander prophecied. And to effect this the Pacific Railroad will contribute more than any other cause. In the face of this foregone conclusion, how weak and pitiable and ignorant seem those English journals which ridicule the *entente cordiale* between Russia and America, and declare that it has no sound basis. Perhaps it is as well for them to ignore such a future. When such giants and giantesses as America and Russia embrace, it will fare but ill with the English roses and French lillies which may be in the way.

"For when in wild embraces
We kissed with burning breath,
The rose-bud on thy bosom,
Poor thing! was crushed to death."

Without going so far as this—without even anticipating the ending of the American portion of the world's grand route at San Francisco—it may be worth while to contemplate some of the practical advantages to be picked up along its way. One of these will be the rendering easily accessible those wonderful "parks" of the Rocky Mountains which are destined to become the "location" of the central cities of the North American Continent. For a description of them I quote the following from Mr. Copley's excellent letters to the Pittsburg *Gazette*. Speaking of the *direct route* of the Central Division, as described by Mr. Wickes, civil engineer of the Pacific Railway, he says:

"From Denver it goes up Clear Creek, a tributary of the Platte, crossing the divide to Blue River, a tributary of Grand, following the Blue, and crossing a divide at the head of Bear and Williams Fork to the White River; thence down the White, and crossing the Green near the junction of the Uintah River; thence up the Uintah to Timpanogos, a stream running into Lake Utah, following which latter stream brings us within forty-eight miles of Salt Lake City, a direct route in continuation of the one up Smoky Hill. The estimated length from Denver City to Salt Lake City, by the route above described, is four hundred and twenty-seven miles.

"Should this route," says Mr. Copley, "be found suitable for a railroad, it will give the Union Pacific Railway of the Kansas an immense advantage, in point of directness and distance, over its great rival of the Platte. But of that the reader is quite as able to

judge as I am. It is greatly to be desired that it shall be so found; for then the road would not only pass through the richest gold fields of Colorado, but through the Middle Park, one of the four or five strangely grand and beautiful prairie valleys, set like gems in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains; the smallest of which is as large as eight or ten of our counties, and surrounded on every side by lofty snow-clad mountains, some of which are sixteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and ten thousand feet above the smooth and level park. So pellucid is the atmosphere of these lofty regions, that, as Governor Gilpin, of Colorado, told me, with a good glass a horse may be seen from the summit of the mountains in any part of the park, and so perfectly salubrious that no acute disease can ever originate there, or continue if brought there. 'These parks will be the sanitaria of the world as soon as they are accessible,' was his language in speaking of the health-imparting properties of their matchless atmosphere. The north, the middle and the south parks are only separated by narrow mountain ranges, through which there are practicable passes. They are extremely fertile, and clothed with luxuriant grasses and flowers."

From the descriptions of the travelers who have visited the parks, I am willing to believe that this picture of the "happy valleys" is not exaggerated. Sheltered by high mountains on every side, so that even the winds of heaven may not visit them too roughly, these lovely and strange retreats, peopled by the Indian legends of many tribes with beautiful and unearthly beings, offer, in many respects, attractions of that substantial character which cannot, in the ordinary course of events, fail to result in their being, ere long, filled with cities, towns and villages. Many an eye which now follows these lines will, in a few years, rest on the spires of churches which will rise above the roofs of myriad houses in the parks of the Rocky Mountains. The rude frontiers-man, the poor Indian, seldom susceptible to beauty, the wandering hunter, all manifest, in speaking of the parks, a sense of delight. That their climate is the most agreeable in the world, mild and yet bracing, I well believe, for I found by experience that from the Mississippi the air grew healthier and more invigorating as we went westward.

Since writing the foregoing, I have met with another sketch of these Parks by Professor Denton, which cannot fail to interest the reader. It is as follows:

"The mountains of Colorado traverse 9,000 miles of the length of North America. They are known in Mexico as the Sierra Madre, and elsewhere as the Rocky Mountains. The mountains passing through Colorado are not a single chain, but consist of numerous spurs. These enclose large bodies of land which are called parks. These parks contain green meadows, covered with pine, aspen and other trees, which look as if they had been painted by a master hand. They are environed by tall shaggy mountains, most beautiful to behold. At Denver the river is as if one stood in a vast ampitheatre. The tallest peaks are reached by a gradual ascent. The beauty of this mountain scenery is beyond description. One looks on the mountain chain and is constantly deceived as to distances. Mountains 50 miles distant seem not more than 10 away—the atmosphere is so clear. In the mountains where the miners are at work, there are scenes which one can never forget. In some places flowers may be plucked that have pushed their buds through a covering of ice. One range of mountains consists of horizontal layers of lava, and the mountain

sides have been cut away by water and ice, so that in some cases they are 5,000 feet high, and absolutely perpendicular. The scenery is inexpressibly magnificent here."

These parks may yet be the great summer resorts of Central North America, where scores of thousands will assembe to hold their *villegiatura* of summer ruralizing. Then Colorado will be called the beautiful land.

As a disinterested spectator—or rather as one deeply interested in all that can conduce to develop the industrial resources of America—I cannot enter into any spirit of rivalry between the Kansas and Nebraska Railroads. Both are exerting immense influence in developing the West, in peopling it, in filling it with cities. Both will attract lateral branches of other railroads, and these in turn will send out other lines *ad infinitum*, and so increase our national wealth. Each receives from Government a liberal subsidy, and it is well understood that their point of junction will be about Denver City. That either possesses certain advantages as regards the requirements of different parts of the country, cannot be denied. An interesting article in the *Alta Californian* gives the following items in reference to the relative state of the two roads:

"The (Nebraska) road is now in running order from Omaha to Fort Kearney, two hundred and fifty miles, at the eastern end, and from Sacramento to Alta, seventy miles, at the western end, so that one thousand six hundred and fifty-five miles only are to be built; and the Union Pacific Railway Company has promised that the cars shall run to the Forks of Platte on the first of January, so that the distance will have been reduced another hundred miles by the beginning of 1867. Peculiar influences are driving the work ahead at both ends. In the first place, Congress has provided that each company shall have as much of the road as it can build, so that the company which advances with most rapidity gets the most. And the trade of the interior of the continent makes it of vast importance to get as much as possible. It is now evident that the Pacific Railroad is to be one of the most profitable investments in the country.

"Besides the struggle between the two railroad companies, the Union Pacific Company, of the East, and the Central Pacific, of the West, to get as much as possible of the road, there is additional motive for rivalry in the Montana and Utah trade. Merchandise will seek the route which has the shortest distance for teaming and the best road. When the Central Railway passes the summit of the Sierra Nevada, the Eastern and Western routes will have nearly equal advantages for the traffic of Salt Lake, but the Western will command the trade of Idaho, as the Eastern will command that of Colorado. Merchandise can be purchased for about the same in San Francisco as in St. Louis. So the chase is fair and the game is great. Utah has now a population of 120,000, although the United States census of 1860 reported it only 40,273. Salt Lake City alone has 25,000 inhabitants, and there are half a dozen towns with 5,000 inhabitants each. So the estimate of 120,000, made by various well-informed persons, and accepted by Mr. Bowles, is not far from the truth. Agriculture is more profitable in that than in any part of the Union. * * * With their resources the interior Territories (Idaho, Montana and Utah) must soon grow to be populous States, with a trade worthy of contest between the Atlantic and Pacific, and all the trade must go to the railroad. There is no limitation to their charges, and no competition possible now or probable in the future. The railroad can afford to transport freight at one-third the price paid to teams, and make money then."

A very important subject in relation to the Union Pacific Railway, and one of immense value to its prosperity, is the mineral wealth of Colorado. Of this, the most important item is, of course, coal, in relation to which I give certain items drawn from the Denver *Daily News*. The principal coal mines of Colorado now open are situated in Boulder county. Among these the Kitchen bank shows for one hundred and sixty feet a vein *twelve feet in thickness*. The coal when taken from the mine has a brilliant, glossy black appearance, burning extremely well, leaving only a small residuum of reddish white ashes in an almost impalpable powder. Great quantities of resin are found scattered through the veins.

The coal fields of Boulder county occupy a great breadth of land, and new veins are continually being discovered there. The latter discoveries extend ten or twelve miles below Boulder city. "As far as present mining proves, the coal beds of Colorado are at fault, some of them being almost perpendicular, while all have a dip varying from the true inclination of coal beds in undisturbed strata." An undisturbed stratum of coal evidently exists, however, in Valmont, in Boulder county. It is tolerably certain that good coal exists about one hundred and seventy miles east of Denver, and a shaft is now being sunk at Fort Wicked. "Lieutenant Pierce, in his Government surveys, found what appeared to be very good coal in great abundance, showing bold out-cropping, sixty miles south of Denver." Last year a party in the Middle Park discovered a very fine vein of pure Albertine coal, "the best quality of this mineral in the world." The vein was traced to the distance of five miles, and showed an average thickness of four feet. This coal ignites readily and burns "with no perceivable smoke."

Very important indeed to our great national railway is this fact of the immense quantity and excellent quality of Colorado coal. Hardly less important is the fact that a rich variety of iron ore also abounds there. The great bulk of iron ores yet discovered, (and my information may be relied on as being fresh to date,) lies like the coal in Boulder county. The ore is the variety known as *limonite*, and is found in large and numerous deposits. On assay the ore yields seventy-six per cent., being an extremely high standard. It is easily smelted, being in natural combination with an excellent flux of manganese. The iron obtained is said on good authority to be of the best quality, being soft, and presenting on fracture that peculiar blue appearance that is deemed desirable by founders, in selecting metal for the most important castings. In all cases where coal mines have been opened, fire-clay has been found lying contiguous, in veins varying from two to five feet in thickness. Lest this convenient neighborhood may seem suspicious to my readers, I would state that, within my own experience, in coal mines in Virginia, adjacent to property under my own

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supervision, I have found this same convenient proximity of fire-clay to bog iron ore, which—*au reste*—will seem perfectly natural and to be expected, to any geologist

Iron has been found near Golden City, Colorado, in a deposit which is believed to be a continuous lode or vein. It is essentially the same with that already described, and yields the same remarkable per centage of metal. A fine wide vein of excellent iron ore, discovered quite recently on the Caché-la-Poudre, near Fort Collins, yielded sixty-five per cent., and exists in unlimited quantities.

With coal one hundred miles or more east of Denver, and at Topeka, that is to say, within four hundred miles, and with the almost certainty that it will be discovered at some place, perhaps thirty or forty miles off the road, it will be seen that there need be no apprehension as to want of fuel. Coal cars and depots of coal will furnish no burdensome items of expense when contrasted with the promised profits of the Pacific Railway, E. D.

It was a rather cold and very windy day when we "embarked" in the ambulances or on horseback to return homeward. Three of our party had "gone on ahead" in the overland stage, and with vehicles lightened we made fast time, arriving at Fort Ellsworth at 4 P. M. Here the same kind care that had greeted our first visit was again lavished on the party, Major Parker and his officers all securing from among us as many guests as possible. I stretched my blankets on the floor of Lieutenant Browne, Q. M., and was made thoroughly at home without delay. I was pleased to meet there, as a fellow guest, Father Lamotte, the well known Catholic clergyman of the Pottawottamie mission. Years of patient toil in a rude country, with their attendant privations, had not dulled in the good Father the innate courtliness and polish of the French abbé of the old school. It was gratifying to listen to his accounts of his labors expressed in fluent French—it seemed like a bit of the best part of the Old World, here so far in the New. *Quod minime reris*—what we do not expect to find—has always its charm. At an early hour the missionary wrapped himself in his blanket like one well accustomed to such lodgings on the frontier, laid himself on the floor and slept, motionless as an Indian, till early dawn, when he arose, read quietly in his book of devotions, and bidding us a courteous adieu, mounted his horse and rode away.

After breakfast I found a number of Kaw Indians on the *plaza* of the fort. Having become the possessor of an Indian whip studded with brass nails, and picked up a few words of that noble dialect of the Dakota, the Kaw language, I resolved to try the effect of a frank and genial style of boon fellowship upon the Red Man. It affords me gratification to state that the social experiment was eminently successful. Approaching them,

I flourished my whip and repeated its name in Kaw, which is "*B'meergashee.*"

Kaws. (Evidently interested, with an intense grunt.) "*Ugh!*"

Self. (Joyously.) *B'meergashee, b'meergashee!*"

Kaws. (More interested.) "*Ugh! Ugh!*"

Self. (Pointing to a pony.) "*Shoonga!*"

Kaws. (Evidently becoming excited at the wondrous stranger.) "*Ugh—shoonga!*"

Self. (Pointing to noble Indian.) "You, Kaw?"

Kaw. (Smiles delighted and assents.) "Um, me Kaw."

Self. (Pointing to second noble Indian.) "Ugh, *you* Kaw?"

(Second noble Indian, radiant with pleasure.) "Um, me Kaw."

Self. (Drawn up in a stately and commanding position, borrowed from Mr. Forrest's *Metamora*, and passing the palm of the right hand over the face and pointing to heart.)—"ME Kaw!"

(Here the drama terminates by the Indian crowd making a grand rush, and exclaiming, gaily and proudly, "Him Kaw too—*Ugh*, ugh *um.*" The stranger narrowly escapes an embrace, but not much shaking of hands, and is formally recognized as a member of the Kaw nation, in good standing.)

By this time the *Tribune* and Young Gideon, with others, attracted by this extraordinary spectacle, had come up, and instantly proposed to appropriately celebrate my reception and continue the service by singing "Hoo, hoo, hoo! the Muscolgee!" which was done *instanter*, the effect being greatly aided by my red fellow-countrymen, who received this exquisite lyric with real delight. This part of the ceremony concluded, my friends purchased of the Kaws their *b'meergashees*, or whips. But I found that they were not devoid of suspicion, for either expressed by a sign his desire to confer with me privately. I turned aside when each showed me the dollar bill which he had received, and intimated, as only an Indian of plains can, with an expressive gesture, his desire to know if it was *good*. I nodded assent, and said:

"WASHTAW."

This is my *one* Sioux word—it means "good"—my Kaws understood it, and repeated *Washtaw* with a happy smile. But the significant two-eyed wink and confidential nod with which my newly fraternized compatriots intimated to me that they had made rather a good thing with their whips on the Giaours, and Goyim, and Gorgios of my fellow travelers, from whom I was politely excepted—on the ground of a certain odd sort of free-masonry, which I have more than once tested among good fellows of many grades—was exquisite. "Ar'nt we all Framazouns? said the

Arnaout to the Englishman. I had seen that wink of old in the eyes of Spaniards who *might* have sat to Quevedo.

I think it was Brigham, our driver, (but am not sure,) who afterwards said that he never heard before of any white man's putting himself on a level with a Kaw, and he did not wonder they were delighted to get a party with a clean shirt on as fellow-citizen, for it was the first time anything of the kind had ever been in the nation. This may all be very true and very fine—*mais que voulez vous?*—I had no choice of tribes, and everybody knows that it is indispensable that every tourist on the frontier should be adopted into at least one. Witness Albert Pike—but I need not cite examples. Moreover, it is evident that the Kaws *must* have come from the Crows—and the Crows, as Jim Beckwourth's book testifies, (and who could ask higher authority,) are a very noble race. Apropos of Beckwourth, ex-chief of the Crows, I have the following story:

Shortly after Beckwourth's autobiography had appeared, a miner in California, who could not read, commissioned a friend, who was equally ignorant, to buy the work for him in San Francisco.

The book was demanded, but by some mistake the purchaser received instead a Bible, with which he went his way rejoicing back to the mines.

In the evening a third party, who *could* read, was commissioned to set forth a chapter to his friends. He opened the book at random, and falling by chance upon the history of Samson, read aloud the story of the foxes and the fire-brands. When it was at an end, one of his auditors exclaimed, abruptly:

"That's one of Jim Beckwourth's d—d lies, exactly: it sounds just like him. There aint another man in the country that would have the cheek to tell such a story of himself."

For the benefit of philologists, I give here a short vocabulary of the Kaw language. I am indebted for it to the kindness of several friends of science—to all of whom I avail myself of this opportunity to return my sincere thanks, as follows:

To Mr. H. L. Jones, of Salina, and may his shadow never be less!

To a young Indian lady on horseback, from whom I purchased a whip, and who, with delicate and touching gratitude at my liberality, offered to throw in her pappoose—the memory of her politeness will long remain as a twinkling light in the past.

To another young Indian lady, who was so kind as to correct my pronunciation of several words when I did not grunt sufficiently. Long may she wave!

To an old live Indian, who looked like a dilapidated run-away tobacconist-sign—the recollection of his unblemished cordiality will not soon be forgotten!

The words are as follows:

Girl	Shimmy Shindy.
Fire-water	Pe'jene'h.
Fire	Pe'je.
Water	Ne'h.
Pork	Kek'usa.
Apples	Sitta.
Tobacco	Non'nee.
How much?	Haw'ee npossa?
Osho	A receptacle. Fullness.
Neosho	Full water. Over-flowing river.
House	Ch'i, or sometimes *chee*.
Coffee	Moccasabi.
Soap	Bes'k.
Calico	Halesha.
Mule	Not a tunga.
Long	Junga.
Cooked	Jewjeh.
Knife	Mohe, or Mohi.
White man	Mohe tunga.
Flour	Wah'biska.
Gun	Wakoota.
Corn	Wahpya.
Woman	Wahko.
Like God	Wahkonda koosega.
Bad	P'h jé.
Money	Mozuska.
Half	Okuska.
Dollar	Bloga.
Where are you going?	Hoangi je?
Sugar	Shawni.
Black	Sabé.
Molasses	Sabé shawni.
Buffalo Bull	Shedunga.
Buffalo Cow	Shemunga.
Common Cattle	Cheska.
Nose	Hin.

As an instance of great philological acuteness, I may cite the observation of Epistemon, who remarked of the Kaw word for girl, that he knew by its very sound it had something feminine in it. And here endeth ye book of ye Kaws—of whom it was dreadfully said by Captain Colton, of Panola, that they had been the Kaws of mirth to us all—which took the hat.

It was claimed that the dinner of the day before had been a remarkably "square" meal, inasmuch as it consisted of equilateral and equiangular biscuit and nothing else, moistened with somewhat of Chartreuse—that blanche or golden *liqueur* made by the disciples of San Bruno, at Magna Cartusia. There is a single sentence which has for years risen from time to time in my memory anent this good thing, which is here not inappro-

priate. "*La grande Chartreuse is situated in a picturesque but wild and desolate region, on the summit of a steep rock, at an elevation of about* 4,000 *feet above the level of the sea.*" And from the summit of that steep rock, far across the sea and the plains unto young Gideon and to us, had come the Carthusian liquor confected *de fidelibus fratribus*, by the jolly monks, for the delectation of all good fellows, *in partibus infidelium*, far away among the heathen. They took the *votum castitatis et paupertatis*—the vow of old bachelor-hood and of impecuniosity—that they might devote themselves to distilling a celestial cordial, a divine *chasse café* which inspires the heart as though Cupid had been melted in the cup, and gives the drinker the feeling that he owns the Fifth Avenue and all its cross streets, has a large interest in the mint, is nearly related to William B. Astor, and first cousin to Spinner and the greenbacks. Selah!

As we returned, however, our meals grew not only superficially squarer, but also gained in depth. Thus at Abelene, where Mr. Jones sports a barrel of full-sized whisky, and is the mayor of a private prairie-dog village, our dinner was described, by the elder Gideon, as resembling an average-shaped section of a bar of soap. How we improved on this will appear as we "craw fish," or go backward to the East.

I can recall nothing of special interest that day, beyond our meeting on the road a joyous duck of a bridge-tender, who was a character, indeed. He was immensely—in fact about four-thirds drunk, but exuberant with eccentric fun. His first greeting was to offer me, as a free gift of friendship, a black and tan terrier pup, worth at least fifty dollars—a "dorg," as he declared, all grit and game—not to be persuaded to yelp by any punishment. Then he swore—shade of Ernulphus! how he *did* swear!—not in wrath, but on general principles. The speech of the Oxford graduate in Firmilian, was as nothing before the pleonasms of profanity poured forth in the sheer joy of his heart by this broad-brimmed frontiersman—ending in a stupendous anecdote which outshone the rosiest light in the *Moyen de Parvenir*. Even Brigham was effectually quenched for a brief space by this astounding diabolist and damnitarian. I do not think he said anything to Billy, the mule, for as much as five minutes. As we rode away, I looked behind; and the broad face over the broad shoulders, wrapped in a blue army-overcoat, was beaming with a broad smile like a prairie sun-rise—and that immense and silent smile of victory shone after us without motion—the small long eyes leering in still triumph—until all became an indigo speck in the distance.

They have a strange way out West of talking without preliminary salutations. It was about this spot that Brigham began, without as much as "how do you do?" to talk in Spanish to a dark-skinned greaser in a

broad hat, who came running forth with an Indian-Mexican boy from a house—all in the "utmost-stranger" manner. As he drove away, Brigham drily remarked:

"I spent a first-rate time all one winter with that man at his ranche."

Truly, this is a queer world, with queer fellows in it, and they have discovered among them queer ways to puzzle us.

LETTER FOURTEENTH.

ST. LOUIS, NOV. 19, 1866.

"When the Missourians murdered our brothers and burned our homes, we resolved to take our revenge by turning them into good Radicals. And we have done it."

Such was the comment of a sound-hearted intelligent man, whom we met on the road after the late Western elections. It is impossible to describe the intense delight, the earnest enthusiasm with which this tremendous triumph of Republican principles was received in Kansas. "Rebellion in Missouri," said Mr. Copley, "was scotched in the war, but in this election it was killed." And in its death industrial progress received fresh life. In fact, there was not a State in the Union in which the poisonous fungus of rebel Copperhead Conservatism was so vilely misplaced as in Missouri. I scarce know why it is, but there is something in Missouri—in its very soil and material features—which attracted my love and excited, as in Kansas, the liveliest interest in its prosperity. Indeed that man must be a poor, narrow-minded creature, who does not feel a nameless inspiration of love and sympathy at the very name of the West. There was a time when Italy, Germany and France each seemed to me in turn to be the broad Mecca towards which I should wander, and having seen, desire to travel no more. I saw them—but in riper years, after them all, there grew up a deeper longing to see and know the West. Other countries spoke only of the Past—but here in the West lies the stupendous Future, now rapidly rising into overwhelming power.

That Missouri, with its wonderful resources, its fine climate, its exquisitely beautiful scenery should have ever been poisoned by slavery,

or have been supposed to be destined to be swayed by the contemptible, narrow-minded provincialism of Southern oligarchs, is monstrous. Right in the line of freedom, between the East and West, the manifest destiny of its people is to be as free and intelligent as the best on earth.

This feeling has in fact penetrated the heart of every one who knows the glorious State, and even those who, by force of habit, still rank with the Copperheads, admit that the result of the late elections will be to stimulate industrial progress. When will the whole country learn and feel that the policy of the Republican or "Radical" party is an *industrial* policy in its fullest, noblest, and most practical sense?

As no undertaking of the present is more intimately connected with this vast industrial policy, founded on *free labor* and equal rights, than the *Pacific Railroad*, I have thought it expedient to give, in this connection, a brief history of that portion which I have most carefully examined, and for which I am indebted to an able article by a correspondent of the *Missouri Democrat*. We are told in the Life of George Stevenson, that a friend of that great engineer once told him that by his railroads he had struck a death-blow to aristocracy. It will be found in time that this great road, connecting the East and West, is one of the most fatal blows ever struck in America at that vile and insiduous form of aristocracy, the heresy of States-rights.

In 1855 the Legislature of Kansas incorporated the Leavenworth, Pawnee and Western Railroad, authorizing it to build a road from Leavenworth via Pawnee to Fort Riley, with the privilege of extending it westward. Subsequently, Congress, July, 1862, incorporated the "Union Pacific Railroad," authorizing it to pass from the one hundredth meridian west longitude, between the valleys of the Republican and Platte Rivers, in Nebraska, to the western boundary of Nevada, there to meet the Central Pacific Road of California, and also to build a road to connect with this on the hundredth meridian, thence to run to some point in the west of Iowa; the same act also authorizing the Kansas Road to extend its line westward till it met the Union Pacific on the one hundredth meridian, but restrained by the same southern boundary of the valley of the Platte.

This act gave to each road 6,400 acres of land to every mile of road completed, and also provided for the issue, as fast as every forty miles were finished, of Government bonds, payable thirty years from date, bearing six per cent. interest, and payable in treasury notes or other legal tender money, which bonds were made *ipso facto* a first mortgage on the road.

In February, 1864, the present Company obtained control of the enterprise under its present name. The organizers of the new Company,

to whom we owe the fact that it did not perish at the outset, were John J. Perry, still President, Robt. E. Carr, C. S. Greeley, S. M. Edgell, Giles F. Filley, Adolphus Meier, Thos. L. Price, O. D. Filley and James Archer, all of whom are still largely interested in the work. After their accession to the management, the Company was relieved from the obligation to connect at the hundredth meridian. The companies were also authorized to issue their own bonds, similar in amount and considerations with those of the Government previously granted, which, however, should be a first lien, prior even to that of the Government, on the road This amendatory act also doubled the land grants, giving 12,000 acres of land to every mile of road actually completed.

According to later legislation, (July 2d, 1866,) the Company receive for every mile of road 12,800 acres of land on the road, $16,000 United States six per cent. thirty-years bonds, and issue their own similar bonds which have a first lien on the road to the same amount—interest payable in gold. They are authorized to construct the route by the Smoky Hill River Valley, to any point west within a meridian of fifty miles west of Denver, where, at the farthest, they must unite with the Union Pacific. Denver will undoubtedly, however, be the point of junction. The Company, by this change, have saved one hundred and thirty-four miles in the distance from Riley to Denver, *and gained a much better route.*

The Delaware Reserve, ceded to the Union Pacific Railway, E. D., at $1.25 per acre, contains 233,966 acres, some of which has since been sold at an average of $7.77 per acre, and the remainder (the best land in America) will readily bring as much or more to-day. The Pottawottamie Reserve comprised 425,000 acres, which now commands three dollars an acre profit.

Of the present condition of the Company, the Pittsburg *Gazette* says that no railroad in America is in a better condition financially than theirs. They received for every mile of road finished, 12,800 acres of land, and $16,000 in United States six per cent. thirty years bonds, and have also the privilege of issuing their own bonds for a like amount. Every one of those bonds thus far issued have been taken up by the stockholders individually, so that not a dollar has been thrown as yet upon the market. Neither has any of the "paid-up cash capital stock" of $4,800,000 been sold to the public. No longer a mere branch, *this road is now essentially the main central line of the great inter-oceanic Pacific Railway.*

The Union Pacific Railway commences at Wyandotte, on the west bank of the Missouri, and on the north bank of the Kansas, at its mouth,

where the Missouri Pacific Railroad terminates by uniting with it. Kansas City is on the south side of both the Missouri and the Kansas.

Wyandotte to Lawrence,	40	miles.
Lawrence to Topeka,	27	"
Topeka to Manhattan,	51	
Manhattan to Junction City, three miles beyond Fort Riley, and to which point the road is now finished and in operation, *	20	
	138	"
From Junction City to Denver,	463	"
Total distance from Wyandotte or Kansas City to Denver,	601	"

"To this we must add the branch road of thirty-three miles, from Lawrence to Leavenworth, which was built and is owned by this Company, and which, added to the part of the main line already finished and in operation, makes a total of one hundred and seventy-one miles of finished road. Thus the road has already two termini of its own on the Missouri River, one at Wyandotte and Kansas City, the other at Leavenworth."

Such is, in brief, a summary of the history of the Pacific Railway, Eastern Division. In view of the immense influence which it is destined to exert upon the industrial and social interests of the United States, I cannot say that a single one of these items has appeared to me as a dry detail. Those who impress them faithfully upon the memory will find, in the course of time, that the knowledge will be of great importance in comprehending the future development of our country.

I have previously alluded to the energetic enterprise which characterizes the Far West. I wish I could give some idea of the *incredible* vitality, and buoyancy of spirits which seemed to characterize the men with whom I everywhere conversed. There is no slowness, no apathy among these pioneers. Every one sees fortune and position before him as the inevitable result of industry, and there is, of course, a due appreciation of the grand republican principle of the harmony of interests. In such a state of society, so tremendous in its strength and activity, the Old World, old-fogy life of Europe and even of our own Atlantic cities, seems feeble and paltry. One longs to gather up an army of the fine young men among us, who are wasting their energies in merely polishing themselves away to nothing, when they might, in the West, be acquiring that greatness and strength which is a thousand times more desirable.

On November 14th we arrived, with a hurrah of joy, at Fort Riley, and were without delay inducted into comfortable quarters, with a bed for every Gideonite of us all, in the comfortable house which had been occu-

* Since the above was written, the road has been extended thirty miles beyond Junction City.

pied by General Custer on our first visit. Let him who has been horsed in stables, and muled in sheds, and jackassed in the open air for sun-dried days and shiver-all nights, learn what the luxury is to simply sleep in a decent house,

"And—blessed condition!—feel genteel."

And it cannot be denied that under the demulcent and regenerating influences of soap and towels, a clean large room wherein to hold Social Hall, easy chairs and a large open fire, we expanded greatly. And thus revived we sat like phœnixes around its blaze in the darkening room, and purred like a party of lions. You *have* heard a lion *purr*—havn't you, reader? If not, follow a menagarie about for a month until you get the opportunity, and you will never talk about a cat's purr more. The comfortable purr of a happy lion in easy circumstances, is something to be saved up in memory as an interest-paying investment. Such is the purr of a common lion in a cage after a banquet of beef—what must it be in the wilderness, after he has triumphantly eloped with some lamb of an Arab princess whom he has, for safe keeping, securely packed in his trunk. Bless us! a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing!

So we purred—and made a blessed call of happy memory on two members of the band, whom you, O reader, have not as yet seen, inasmuch as their office is that of being its invisible Madonne or guardian angels. There the Gideonites, like jolly foolish beings, sung all their ballads, and told all about their buffalo-hunting, and what a glorious set the officers were at Ellsworth, and how the Kaw chief had a pappoose offered him as a gift—and how the Colonel shot the mephitic pussy-cat—and what a good story-teller Saint Lewis had been—and how Dr. L. C. (not Lower Case, but Le Conte) had astonished the natives, by finding shark's teeth, high and dry, among the rocks—and how Y. and Dot and Young Gideon had a sweet ride in a long storm, and how Gideon, ye elder, our jovial and brave patriarch, had found that town lots in Solomon city had risen from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars in a week, and how the gentle *Tribune* was suspected of a design to purchase Pottawottamie lands for the purpose of raising strawberry plants for premiums, and how the jolly Miller, having found that Indian word painted on a tank, had read it, *Pot o' water me!* and how the captain of Panola rode so well that Brigham at once saw by his style that he *must* have been an old horse-thief—and all the other gossip of the journey. It may be all stale beer now, this gossip in print; but it was lively enough for the jolly, careless souls when it first popped, and we were sorry enough when the party came to a head and exploded.

It was at Riley, and in the same company (blessed be its memory!) that I heard a Bavarian soldier play on the cithern. Listening to his

sweetly touched *Laendler* and Tyroler waltzes, with their merry-sad *jodel* refrains, there rose within my memory another golden time, long years ago in Munich, and among the old Bavarian mountains by silver lakes among the silent pines—the spires of Hohenlinden far away—and *there* the cithern sounded too among just such genial, pleasant friends as these, and where are they all now, and where are the dreams, and the music, and the laughter?—*mais ou sont les neiges d'antan?*

"Echo will fling the question back,
O'er silent lake and streamlet lone,
All earthly beauty fades away;
Where are the snows of winter flown?"

"*That* was the only question or thing that ever troubled Francois Villon," says Father Rabelais. It need not trouble us, or any man who has seen the waves of ocean rise and fall.

The next morning we cooked—that is to say, John, the steward, cooked—our last open-air breakfast for us on the railroad, behind the car. In a few minutes the buffalo-steaks were broiled, the coffee hot and nice, and the hungry Gideonites sat here and there with tin-cups and plates—(our glass and porcelain had all been smashed long ago)—taking their last feed of the meat which they had killed. The whistle blew—the train started—we again resumed our wonted seats in our old home, and began the homeward half of the round trip of three thousand miles in one conveyance.

On we went all that day, passing through Topeka, Lecompton, Lawrence, and other towns whose names recall the days when Kansas was undergoing her fire-baptism, and was truly the dark and bloody ground of America. Now when all is smiling with prosperity—when vigorous and manly honesty has gained the upper hand, and banished the foul and venomous monster of slavery and southern villainy, it seems hard to realize that boys under their majority can remember the time when, as Governor Shannon remarked, "The roads were literally strewn with dead bodies." "At that time," (1856,) as Dr. John H. Gihon has expressed it in his excellent work, "Geary and Kansas," (which has been a valuable companion in this journey,) "civil war raged in all the populous districts; women and children had fled from the Territory; the roads were impassable; no man's life was safe; and every person, when he lay down to rest at night, bolted and barred his doors, and fell asleep, grasping firmly his pistol, gun, or knife."

Thus at Leavenworth, on August 17, 1856, a border ruffian named Fugert, one of Atchison's men, bet a comrade six dollars against a pair of boots that he would go out and in less than two hours bring in the scalp of an Abolitionist. He went out, shot a gentleman named Hoppe

in his carriage, scalped him while yet alive, and putting the bloody trophy upon a pole, paraded it through the streets of Leavenworth, amid the plaudits of the militia and divers "Southern gentlemen" there present. Of the other sickening outrages and horrors of every kind which were committed even within twenty-four hours of this event, Dr. Gihon's book gives full account, and they are indeed equal to anything told of the vilest Indian deeds. And the tales are all *true*. I inquired of many persons who were in Kansas in the old dismal days, and they all bore witness to the truth of Dr. Gihon's and others' accounts. Such was the *effort* made by the South to crush out a free Northern settlement by sheer arrogance and the strong hand—and such, looking at the present condition of this glorious State, has been the *result*. Truly the devil does God's work, whether he will or no.

Lecompton derives its name from the "indolent and sluggish" Judge Lecompte, one of the old pro-slavery judicial curses of Kansas, of whom it is said that he adjourned the spring term of his court to plant his potatoes; the summer term to hoe his potatoes; the fall term to dig his potatoes, and the winter term because he had to be at home to sell his potatoes. His whole disreputable and corrupt career has been made infamously historical in the annals of Kansas. It was at Lecompton that the free-soil men, maddened by unprovoked outrages, retaliated by capturing Colonel Titus—the man who described himself as a "hell-hound," and who when pursued hid himself under the floor, and yelped for terror like a puppy when captured.

Next beyond, on this side of Lecompton, lies Lawrence, where murder, outrage and robbery of every kind were committed on May 21st, 1856—where kegs of gunpowder were placed against burning buildings, and cannon used—where women were savagely outraged, and every horror incident to the sack of cities perpetrated—all under the guise of law. For all this, too, there came a day of reckoning, and its marks may be seen broad and wide over the South. They made the great mistake, incident to too many of the "chivalry" of all ages, of believing that to be unscrupulous and satanic is the short cut to success. Such was the bold measure of firing on Sumpter which cost a war. Such was the fatal victory of Bull Run which killed slavery. Such was the "retaliation" of Chambersburg boasted of by General Early; and such was the deceitful and deadly resuscitation of Southern hopes of political supremacy by Andrew Johnson, which has killed them apparently root and branch. It was unscrupulous and satanic to attempt the *coup d'état* of putting vanquished traitors directly over the heads of loyal victors, and to turn out maimed soldiers from office to make room for rebels—and the children of evil chuckled greatly. Heaven keep all good men from such successes!

Against his own will Andrew Johnson has been one of the most effectual means of crushing out the embers of that treason which he did his best to feed into fresh flames. Strange that any man who had lived through the late war could be so utterly ignorant of the temper and iron will of the American people of the North.

We arrived that evening (November 15) at Wyandotte, where we were at once installed as guests of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, at the Union Railroad Hotel. The supper prepared for us here was a vast advance in squareness—embracing griddle cakes, (by particular request of the Panolian,) broiled chicken— but I will cut the story short by giving the creed of the landlords of that hotel, as set forth in the *Parable of the Loaves and Fishes*, which I found printed as follows upon the backs of their cards :

"Now it came to pass in the reign of Andy the Second, that the strife for railroads waxed warm in the West, and the people had every motive but a loco-motive for pushing on the good work. But, lo and behold, there came wise men from the East, and there was a great change in the land—verily much change. Tracks were made along the highways and by-ways, and the iron-horse snorted among the elders, and railed through the valleys of 'bleeding Kansas.' And at a place where many roads do congregate there was built a Feast House, where the hungry and thirsty are taken in. And the keepers of the house are men of great genius and deep penetration. They run not after the flesh-pots of Egypt, but turn their eyes toward the stalls of butchers, and hucksters, and fishmongers, so that the tables of that house are called good. Now the people of the city should go therein; and those that come from afar, that their days may be pleasant in the land of the Wyandottes."

I find among my notes "good dinner and mince-pie at Topeka." At present this has a carnal, puerile appearance. *Then*, we were coming, hungry and starved like wolves, from the plains, and every pie—particularly mince-pie—looked as large and beautiful as the blessed sun himself! You bet we were gallant trencher-men and valiant conquerors of ham and hot corn-bread in those times. You bet—that we charged boldly on the preserves, and made the caitiff pickles flee for their lives, while the fried potatoes cried aloud for mercy. But specially fierce were we at Abalene, where a burly round of boiled beef dared to stand up against us and bid us defiance. In a trice Captain Colton had his trusty blade through the varlet's midriff (you bet!)—in a second the fierce *Tribune* had sabred his flank. Heavens, how they fenced away at him and chopped at him, till only a ghostly bone remained! *You bet!*

Colonel J. E. Jacobs, at Wyandotte, added his kind cares and attentions to those of our regular colonel (Charles B. Lamborn,) to make us comfortable. I regret, by the way, that my memory does not retain the names of several gentlemen connected with the road, who from Wyandotte onward, were extremely attentive and polite. Chief, indeed, among these is General W. W. Wright, who at all times, made his influence and

ability of the utmost service to us in every way. At nine o'clock we left, in our car, after it was placed on a new truck to suit the guage of the Missouri Pacific railway, crossed to Kansas City, and having retired early, rolled away over Missouri all night long. I very much enjoyed our sleeping car that night—it was so much like home. With my characteristic accuracy, I forgot to mention that Tuesday night, November 13, was passed at the town of Salina, where, thanks to the hospitality of Mr. H. L. Jones, (an old friend whom I had never met before,) we were allowed to sleep in the court-house, above his store, unto which end the glorious Jones contributed good brown blankets *ad libitum*. This was the last place, however, where we were regularly floored.

On Friday, November 16, awakening on the road, the first object I beheld was the splendid Capitol building of Jefferson City. Here we were marched by somebody, (the Colonel, I believe,) to a hostelrie, where a breakfast was served which approached a perfect cube, or was at least wonderfully near thereunto. Hunger and Famine!—how we pitched into it! What piles of fair young biscuit were attacked—what glorious sheets of rosy brown ham were slashed asunder—what a ravaging of tender beefsteak and gentle, savory chops was there! And how they kept bringing them! I once, in my student days at Paris, saw a play in which the *Devil's* daughter, *Flamine*, having been sent to a fashionable boarding-school, causes a fountain of dainties of all kinds to play up from the ground, so that there was an up-flying and down-falling of apples, cakes, sugar-plums, *saucissons*, candied fruits, and the like, until the curtain fell —and it seemed to me that the good folks where we fed must have had some such *jet* to supply such an infinite quantity of fresh, hot victuals as they brought to us—particularly to the Captain!—that jolly, hungry boy!

Then we rode on all day over Missouri. One of our stopping places was at Herrman, a German place with a German name and German people, engaged in the very German business of wine raising. I could see the *wingerts* or vineyards on the hills, looking as Rhiney and winey as in the old fatherland. Walking a little about, I heard the children talking Suabian and Pfælzisch—*ganz Deutsch und ganz natuerlich*. Here the Colonel invested in several bottles—some of them containing a Virginia Seedling wine, which, in Missouri at least, has exactly the flavor of a thin Burgundy, and which doubtless might be improved to a very fine potable. The imperial Missouri Catawba is the best Catawba wine made in America. The following items from a late number of *De Bow's Review* are worth reading in this connection;

"Unless the prophecies of scientific men are false, and the obvious intentions of Nature are thwarted, Missouri is destined to be the Vineland of America. There has been no elaborate investigation since the geological survey of Professor Swallow; but the

familiarity of the facts, which his researches developed, does not diminish their truthfulness. It is estimated that there are in Southern Missouri fifteen million acres adapted to the culture of the grape. This land is situated one thousand feet above the level of the ocean. Nature has in many localities moulded the surface into terraces, as if on purpose to facilitate the labors of the wine-dresser. The composition of the soil is remarkably like that of Germany and France. Chemical analysis shows that the soil abounds in lime, soda, potash, magnesia and phosphoric acid, and these are the principal ingredients which enter into the structure of the vine. The soil is dry and light, the air equable and comparatively vaporless, the water abundant and pure. These are the identical conditions under which the luscious vintages of the old world obtain perfection. * * * * If we may be guided in our estimate by European statistics, the vinelands of Missouri are able to afford a pleasant and remunerative occupation to a population treble (that given by) the present census of the State, and to yield at least 1,000,000,000 (gallons) of wine."

That evening we reached St. Louis. And here begins the last and, to some of us, the most brilliant and thrilling act of the great drama of Kansas ho! or Three Thousand Miles in a Railroad Car. O my Gideonites! already from afar off, I see the end of this gay, wild *camaraderie*, this dip into a new student life with its merry rioting and storms of laughter, wine, song and uproar! From afar, though as yet darkly, I see Philisterium and common life awaiting us. But we are still on the grand route, and till we leave it, this agate point of opal hue shall still be busy. St. Louis in our next letter.

LETTER FIFTEENTH.

St. Louis, Nov. 19th, 1866.

"Much tobacco! much tobacco!"

Thereby hangs a tale.

One day when Lieut. S. A. Browne, of Fort Ellsworth, was on a hunt, he thought he saw a buffalo partly hidden behind some weeds or bush. Therefore he raised his rifle and fired—but the buffalo proved to be an Indian on a black horse. And the noble savage, seeing, as he thought, a chance for black mail, rushed down at the Lieutenant, and cried aloud—

"Much tobacco! much tobacco!"

This puts me in mind of another incident, which I tell to prevent any other oral or printed version thereof from gaining credence.

When we wished to ride from Junction City to Riley on our return, we ran, carrying our blankets, to overtake the wagon. But Brigham, the driver, supposing we had found conveyance otherwise, was rushing away at full speed far along on the road, and being to the windward, could not hear our cries.

The Colonel called aloud. No effect.

The elder Gideon shouted. *Nix stop.*

The Kaw Chief roared. Brigham did not hear it.

Young Gideon let off his rifle. It was a Lee carbine, and made about as much noise as a soft percussion cap in a two-ten-cylinder Hoe press-room.

"*I'll* stop the wagon!" cried the Kaw Chief. [The *Tribune* calls him *Meister Karl.*] "Give me a gun!"

"Yon won't fire at it!" quoth Gideon.

"Is there a ball in it?" replied the Kaw. "All right. If anybody will insure the horses, *I'll* insure the driver."

Saying this he drew a bead on the fast-vanishing ambulance, now some three hundred yards distant, and let drive. He was certain that he could repeat the William Tell experiment, and just let Brigham hear the whiz of the bullet without winging him. That was the idea. He succeeded admirably. The bullet went through the cover of the ambulance. But he did *not* know that his best friend of the *Tribune* was in the wagon, or that the bullet went within four inches of extinguishing that particularly good fellow.

When Brigham heard the ball go *ping!* he thought he was at the other end of the road, and that the Indians were firing. Therefore he drove double time till out of reach, and then held up and halted—probably to take measure for a large and heavy swear.

As they approached the wagon, the Kaw remarked:

"Now I shouldn't wonder if Brigham had his knife out, and if so, there'll be some fancy work—you bet." And approaching, he cried out in Spanish:

"Brigham—*es la navaja o la mano?*"

"*La mano.*"

It was the hand of amity and *not* the knife that time; for there sat Brigham, radiant with the joy of a practical joker after his own heart. Like unto a Philadelphian (let us say he of Facts and Fancies) who has just heard a glorious pun, the Santa Fé frontiersman was inspired with the intensest sense of delight at the event. But he spoke only at intervals, in his own dry, inimitable manner, as follows:

Brigham. "When I found out they where white men, I knew darned well *who* fired *that* shot."

Kaw Chief. "Brigham, you know that I have sworn to shoot an Indian before I left this country, and you come nearer to being one than any body else I've met."

Brigham. "*You've* heard arrows whistle around your head, havn't you? I have. They whistle a darned sight more than bullets. I've

heard 'em—often, and bullets too. But I never knew a man to stop a wagon before by firing at the driver."

Then, after a pause, he added:

"I wish, *voto á Dios!* that there was a rock or something in the road—I'd upset this crowd mighty soon." (He'd have done it, too; you bet.)

Now the Kaw, moved to great liking of Brigham, when he parted from him made him a present of a stiletto. And when the *Tribune* heard this he was wroth, and exclaimed, "Behold! I, too, was in the ambulance, and came nearer being wiped out than Brigham; and yet thou never gavest *me* a stiletto wherewith I might rejoice and make merry among my friends, while this prodigal has got a first-rate one."

To which the Kaw replied: "Son *Tribune*—what dost thou expect, any how?"

And he answering, cried aloud, "*Much tobacco! much tobacco!*"

This is the story of the Indian, and the Officer, and the Brigham, and the Buffalo, and the *Tribune*—which the latter told after its own fashion. "When we parted with our driver at the Fort, that afternoon," said that newspaper, "*he* parted with Meister Karl in the most affectionate manner, that gentleman having evidently raised himself enormously in Brigham's esteem by nearly killing his bosom friend. I fancied too that Brigham was rather provoked with me, for blunting the point of the joke by surviving."

It was on the evening of Friday, November 16, that we arrived at St. Louis, and were at once taken to that magnificent hotel, the Lindell House, where we were installed (no, *that* word recalls the stable)—I should say in-bedded—in rooms which, after our late experiences, seemed more gorgeous and stately than all the palaces of Europe could show. For the benefit of those of after generations who may go on pilgrimages to visit the spots consecrated by our presence, and for the aid of the authors who may write Rambles in the Footsteps of the Rail Wayfarers, I would state that Captain Colton and myself were quartered in Number Twelve, and Colonel Lamborn came in with a great party to visit us and be merry, making our room the Social Hall.

(It happened once by mere chance that we three had, during the war, been obliged to room together at the first hotel in Louisville. Afterwards, by as unexpected fortune, we came into the Planters', at Leavenworth. *Now* it was Lindell which received us. When the Captain and I were at Louisville, it was after a wilder and stranger journey down in guerilla land, away in Tennessee, than was even this three-thousand-mile trip in a railroad car. Those *were* gay days, "in between the war.")

And then after a grand bath and delightful manipulations under the barber's hands, and a general revival, came a special supper. Here was

squareness indeed. Briskly, and bravely and beautifully did we feed; merrily ran the waiters round, polite were the landlords. Handsome, stylish women swept past us to their wonted seats at *their* tea-tables; little gentlemen with curly heads parted in the middle trotted after them. Gas chandeliers lighted us, although the *espirit de camp fire* was still as brilliant as ever. The transition from the wilderness and the railroad car was stupendous. And we ate and the waiters ran, and Y. and Dot served up old adventures with new jokes, and we arose and smoked—and there was a grand conventicle in Number Twelve, to which came many of the men of St. Louis. Here, too, General Palmer, of glorious memory, rejoined us, and with him the never-tiring General W. W. Wright—who had, from the beginning, been doing us "a heap of good," on the railroads. That evening we were taken over the Lindell House, and inspected its many comforts and elegancies. Take it altogether, this house has no superior in America. We also visited another hotel, but little inferior to it. Verily, verily, St. Louis is a place!

After a solid night's rest we passed the morning of the next day variously. Some of us were introduced to Missouri wines at the headquarters, and we finally united at a superb lunch, given to our party at the first French *restaurateur's* of the city. Squarer and squarer, said I, at the game, and white, crisp, sweet celery, and all the other "little particulars," of which the great Blot himself would have approved. Here the members of Gideon's band relaxed from their usual high-toned austerity of manner and severe dignity, and became moderately joyous, and, in the words of an unrefined author, "carried on pretty considerably darned jolly." The writer confesses to have eaten of angelic larded partridges and celestial grouse and *petites patés* and seraphic *éclairs*, until his heart sang within him, and all grew divine over a *café noir* and a cigar. Here in this rosy beatific vision I heard the insatiate Archer rising and falling like a ship on the stormy waves of his own voice—I saw the *Tribune* serenely puffing his cigar—I heard *the* Palmer speak from time to time, judiciously and apt, (when *he* makes a fool of himself heaven and earth will pass away, and cave in;) but mingled with it was a dim consciousness that it would all soon be at an end, and that though we were a thousand miles away, the Kansas trip was slowly fading.

We were called on in a hurry to bolt, for we were invited, one and all, to a croquet party at a hospitable and elegant mansion some miles from the city. Up we started and ran, gaining the cars solely by the courtesy of the conductor, who waited—I am ashamed to say how long—for us. I believe the people of St. Louis would have sprinkled the roads before us with cologne and rose-water if it would have done us any good. As it was, they sprinkled some of the party pretty well with Imperial Catawba,

which answered just as well. On we rolled, and at last reached our "place of destination."

Sometimes I feel sorry that I cannot kill Jenkins—beginning with the original and progressing in atrocity of homicide as I reach his American imitators and imitator—or small potator—esses. For it is *they* who have rendered it impossible or respectable to return public thanks in print for private hospitalities, or to show any gratitude for anything except a corporation dinner. By slabbering every lady and gentleman with fulsome praise and hackneyed quotation, these miserable scullions of *fashion*—(Oh, Venus!)—have effectually drawn a ditch between the public and anything like those courteous and proper sketches of real inner life which were once so common. Therefore, ye Gideonites, I cannot tell the world nor reveal to you that golden evening—the silver voices and bright eyes—known to you of old at lively Leavenworth. Neither must I speak of sweet singing, such as some have known in dreams and few in reality—or of brilliant and spirituelle conversation—or a supper where cubed perfection was surrounded by every social enchantment. Accursed be Jenkins, anathema maranatha be he that he has made it impossible for me to blow on the party who constituted this St. Louis Paradise, and apotheosized the Gideonites *in cœlis*.

To play at croquet with a mallet and then at croquette with a fork is good business—(in Philadelphia they play at croquette and coquette both at once over the supper-table, as I have seen.) And to this dream, too, there was an ending. Blow, ye winds, blow, and drive hearts before you like autumn leaves—the endless vanishing winds-bride of Northern fable, who flies before the wild hunter of the breeze.

The Captain and I lay each in our comfortable beds that night, and smoked a Cabanas, and talked the evening over, with a litany of blessings on the Pacific railway people, from the President down to the last man, for their superb style of entertainments and general courtesy. And so we fell asleep.

The next day, St. Lewis took Y and Dot and I and young Gideon McCook of the Fighters (a good lot, those same McCooks) out to see Shaw's garden. We saw it—it *is* immense. The *Coniferæ* department alone would make any gardener pine with envy, and the Cacti actually seem stuck up with self-conscious pride at their own ugliness and thornitude. Here—I *must* mention it—we received the hospitalities of the mansion, among which was some hock of '46, "such as we read of" in German song—the real

Vinum Rhenense, decus et gloria mense.

It was raining, and so Y. and Dot and I drew the wolf-skin over us, and St. Lewis laid on the leather, and we went it. Our pace was a

tolerably fast one. Ere long we brought up at another splendid mansion. Bright shone the fires within through the misty twilight—brilliant the lights—and we entered to converse with ladies whose faces and words were exquisitely winsome. Here we had Moselle wine which tasted like melted angels mixed with bottled sunshine. For Moselle is the real golden wine of the gods.

'Vininum Moslanum fuit omne tempore sanum."

I whispered *that* to the *Tribune* as he "lipped a glass," for he is a good Latinist, and knows what "*ede, bibe, lude*" means as well as any other man. Now he who understands those three words may find out from the first of them where it was we got this Moselle and made this silver-toned call. "And it was the first commandment in the Bible—*Ede!* eat!"

The next day was—to all of us I think—the pleasantest of this whole pleasant journey.

On that memorable morning, the gentlemen of St. Louis who were most nearly interested in the Union Pacific Railway, E. D., with the insatiate and excellent Archer as provider and caterer general, organized a colossal pic-nic. This was on Monday, the 19th of November. Two passenger cars and a locomotive were to convey us, with a joyous band of lady friends, to Iron Mountain and Pilot Knob, some ninety miles distant. "It is seldom," says the ever-accurate Copley, in speaking of the pic-nic, "that so intelligent and genial a party ever get together.." Well hast thou spoken, O son of Pittsburg! Through sunshiny, bushy little valleys, past Carondelet went our train. Knowest thou Carondelet, O reader?

It was named in days of old *Vuide Poche*—such a starveling, poverty-stricken place as it used to be—you never! The St. Louis people called it Empty Pocket, in scorn, and the Vuide Poches, who bought their bread at Louis, retorted by calling their neighbors *Pains Courts*, or Short Loaves, and much other gossip, now buried with the ancient rivalry between Providence and Newport, Rhode Island.

How that morning flew by! how genial words and earnest feelings, and laughter and confidences, and friendly raillery and all social joys, went on in those cars! This *was* the goldenest day of all. All the old friends—and such glorious new ones. And it was all going to pass away so soon—so soon! "into the glowing West."

So *this* is Iron Mountain. Some people are disappointed when they see it. I once knew a man who was "disappointed" when he saw Venice, and also another when he made the acquaintance of that transcendental dramatic incredibility, Madame——. (To be sure, she slapped his mouth at the first interview, which may have had something to do with it.) But I assure you, reader, that Iron Mountain is very wholesale. There you

see over five hundred acres of a single mass of solid *iron*—hardly an ore. A piece of it is like cast-iron to look at, and apparently as heavy. Listen to my friend: "The road over which we walked was *iron;* the loose pebbles with which the surface of the mountain is plentifully covered, are all iron. A light soil, bearing some trees and bushes, covers the hill. But in many places enormous moss-covered blocks of ore jut above the surface. In one of the mines in which the men were working, we saw a solid and almost perpendicular face of ore sixty feet high." Spenser, I think, has the strange picture of an enchanted cavern, all of solid iron, with iron rocks and hollows, and the Norse mythology has a road of iron, and both are paralleled here in Missouri.

Here in the furnace, red hot streams of melting dross ran by and around the two ladies who had come with Y. and Dot and myself, to view the wonders, reminding one of the molten rivers of the classic Hades, and the intensely lightning lava flood which I have seen pouring down Vesuvius. Sometimes a long-unthought-of impression, as it *really was*, (not as we imperfectly remember and half-create it,) will flash up strangely and almost terribly out of the dark past. And so, as that fiery dross burst up and ran by, there came back to me a sunny morning long years ago, on the summit of the volcano of Naples, when I stood among iron-looking lava and buried my staff in the liquid fire. The scoria or slag of this furnace is a singular, light grey refuse, very much resembling in color a certain slimy scum which house-wives remove from quinces or some such fruit when preserving. The workmen dipped it up for us, when it granulated of itself, apparently, into large balls of any size, which in an instant cooled and might be taken in the hand. Then we returned to the cars amid a shower of puns and small adventures—how one young lady nearly fell down a hill and was sadly disarranged. I confess to have felt bitterly agonized at seeing a neat glove on a small and dainty hand fairly smeared and streaming with irony mud. We tried to clean it—alas! in this world, *aliquid semper hœrebit*—"something is always sure to stick."

I was enormously hungry that morning, and think that I must have finally settled an entire covey of tender partridges, with an occasional grouse. As for the stock of wine—heavens! how that Archer *had* piled it in! There was more than we could eat; and yet somebody declared that the champagne was just in the proportion of Falstaff's sack to his pen n'orth of bread. Never did I see such an army of baskets! My Lord Gargantua himself could not have complained of short commons on that pic-nic. Now I understood what was meant by being "on a train."

So on we came to Pilot Knob. This, too, is an iron mountain, but crowned with strange broken crags and wild rocks, crusted together like

towers, castles and antique tombs, which had been three-quarters melted, at doomsday, and then suddenly cooled. It is a grand and strange hill, rising steeply for nearly six hundred feet; alone in a beautiful country, a quiet, fertile valley sweeping around like the deep groove which you find in mossy Etruscan brooches—Pilot Knob being the central boss, and a far range of mountains which surround the valley rising like the outer protecting ridge or ring. As we looked far away on stream and forest—now brown with dead leaves or bare—on farm-house and forge, the view was one of surpassing loveliness. In this tranquil lowland lie two villages, and far beyond rises Shepherd Mountain, which is a still larger pile of iron ore.

I have been on a pic-nic in merrie England, lang syne by buried Verulamium, near gray St. Alban's Abbey, where I noted to my amazement that every damsel with us was a beauty—yea, and in other places over this broad and fair world—but I never was on so mellifluous a rural bender as this, or one which had so many lovely girls. The road up the mountain was enamelled with them like a garden in spring with flowers—the brightest eyes flashed like dew-drops, and we Gideonites, like good Christians, helped them to climb over rocks and stones, gullies and ridges, and never complained once of the trouble. Y. and Dot certainly did not as he led *a belle Alixe*, onwards and upwards. As for St. Lewis, he was *dans son terrain* "on his own farm," and did not climb at all. Half way up the mountain I left him seated with three beauties, on my traveling shawl, among rocks and under trees—*tandaradei!*—"'mid broken leaves and grass," and there they remained, the jolly young birds, making the hill ring with laughter, until we came down again. Meanwhile, the Archer led the way, or rather a servant, who carried six tumblers and an enormous garden watering-pot, full of iced punch, with which he watered the party like flowers; after which came Meister Karl with a fair friend, known of old in Philadelphia, and by me sowl it was a mighty purty precession intirely.

On the summit there was a splendid *tableau*. The wild rough rocks were crowded with the festive muslin, the iced punch circulated, but, Captain, where wert thou on that day? and oh, *Tribune*, *Tribune!* to think that thou wert not there! "*Pends toi brave Crillon—nous avons combattu et tu n'y ét ais pas!*" For it is a fact that on this, the very diamond day of our coronet, the noble and joyous *Tribune* stayed away! As for the Captain, he was on his way down to the plantation on a river steamer.

When a melancholy thought crosses my mind I take refuge in statistics; and the absence of two such excellent companions set my mind to thinking of the vast trains of travel which had brought us together,

and how confoundedly I had neglected my duty by writing about flirtation, and whisky punches, and lunches, and the deuce knows what all! Fortunately I was reminded of this by a speech delivered by our kindest, most genial and gifted friend, the Hon. Henry T. Blow, who, mindful that this pic-nic was really, under all its flowers, an official act of courtesy by the Pacific Railroad to certain capitalists and journalists, made some remarks on the vast industrial resources of Missouri, which we had that day seen, and which expanded before us. He was followed by Mr. Walter, of the London *Times*, who jocularly professing not to understand this way of our American cousins of mixing up business with pleasure, created much amusement by declaring that he believed his friend Mr. Blow's object was to induce him (Walter) to invest in some of the fine copper and lead mines alluded to—but that he might put his mind to rest, as he (Walter again) was determined not to be inveigled into investing a penny. As Mr. Walter's manner is characteristically and most agreeably English, it is needless to say that this genial reply was received with storms of cheers, including an occasional cross-shot and sur-rejoinder from the Archer.

EASTERN CONNECTIONS OF THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The greatest development of Missouri—apropos de Blow—is her part of the Pacific Railroad, which runs from St. Louis to Kansas City. It is 283 miles in length, with ample rolling stock (what should I do in these working hours without that ever accurate Copley?) and is doing a large business. Connected with it, and of course with all the Pacific Railway, is the famed North Missouri Railroad, which leads north from St. Louis, and crosses the Missouri River at St. Charles, where a bridge will shortly be erected. In 1858 it was completed to Macon City, on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, 170 miles from St. Louis. Its guage, originally five feet six inches, is being changed to four feet eight-and-a-half, to agree with other roads. To make this road connect directly with the Union Pacific Railway, the Company are constructing a branch from Allen, 148 miles from St. Louis, almost due west to the north end of the bridge contemplated over the Missouri, at Kansas City, which has been surveyed and located. Thus St. Louis will soon have *two* independent lines to Kansas City. "The funds are on hand for building this bridge, the contract is signed and the papers are recorded."

The Cameron branch starts from the town of Cameron, on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Road, 170 miles west of the Mississippi at Quincy, and runs south-west to Kansas City, 55 miles. Now, the Quincy and Kansas City Road is really a continuation of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, one of the best in Illinois. This makes the direct railroad

distance from Chicago to Kansas City exactly 490 miles. This, as the reader sees, commands all the great Northern lines of railways, even to the Grand Trunk of Canada. And as for the Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Central and Southern Ohio and Illinois, they are evidently more directly connected with the U. P. R. W., E. D., than with any other Pacific road.

From Kansas City to New York, via Pennsylvania .....1,357 miles.
" " " " " Cameron, Quincy, Chicago, Pittsburg and Allentown.....1,389 "
Via Cameron, Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad to Quincy, Great Western railroad, Fort Wayne and Pittsburg railroad, and Pennsylvania railroad, (via Allentown) to New York.....1,358 "
To Philadelphia, by each of the above, 76 miles less
From Kansas City to New York, via Chicago, Buffalo, Albany (New York Central).....1,470 "
Via Dunkirk and the New York and Erie railroad.....1,448 "

Whence it appears that the distance between Kansas City and New York is less through St Louis and Pittsburg and via the Pennsylvania Railroad by 91 miles than via Chicago and the New York and Erie, and less by 113 miles than by the New York Central. And even by way of Chicago and Pittsburg, via the Fort Wayne and Chicago route, the distance is *less* than via the New York Central by 81 miles. In every respect, by every road, the Pacific railway lies in the direct route and sight line for Pennsylvania. Since this series of connections has been understood, new lines, to be accommodated to it, have been planned in all the Western States. This will build up a stupendous prosperity for Kansas City and St. Louis, which will lead even to Philadelphia. The real *want* to perfect the whole is to realize General Palmer's great scheme of a bridge under the Mississippi. This is the present demand, and the sooner it is completed the better.

West of Kansas City is the Leavenworth branch and the Atchison and Pike's Peak Railroad running to Manhattan, 118 miles west of Kansas City, of which 40 miles are already completed. Such is an imperfect sketch (though true in its great outlines) of the great Pacific Railway, which correctly understood, means the one great national railroad, to which all others lead, and of which they are, necessarily, simply branches.

Returning that evening on the cars we had a very genteel time of it, indeed. Old songs were sung, old stories told, moonlight and dreams and fair forgotten fancies came up, mingled with many a rare joke, and we were what we had been—"what we are away doth fly." "It is a pity,' says somebody, "that it will soon be 'all goned away.'" And he inquired if there was anybody present who knew the lyric called "Hans Breitmann's

Party." To which it was replicated that Hans Breitmann himself—the original Johann—was present *incog.*, and had been traveling as an unseen ghostly guest all the way from Philadelphia.

"For, invisible to thee,
Breitmann came along with me."

Here Herr Breitmann, who was lurking in a congenial crowd, arose, (at least his voice did,) and, by unanimous request, recapitulated the incidents of his "barty." And being greatly exhilarated—set up, self-glorified and delighted, by his reception—the worthy man retired to the depths of his moral consciousness, and in due time evolved the following:

BREITMANN IN KANSAS.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas; he dravel fast und far. He rided shoost drei dousand miles all in von rail-roat car. He knowed foost-rate how far he goed—he gounted all de vile. Dere vash shoost von pottle of champagne, dat bopped at efery mile.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas; I dell you vot my poy. You bet dey hat a pully dimes in crossin Illinoy. Dey speaked dere speaks to all de folk a shtandin in de car; den ask dem in to dake a trink, und corned em *gantz und gar.*

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas; by shings dey did it prown. Ven he got into Leafenvort, he found himself in town. Dey dined him at de Blanter's House, more goot ash man could dink; mit avery tings on earth to eat, *und dwice as mooch to trink.*

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas; he vent it on de loud. At Ellsvort, in de prairie land, he foundt a pully crowd. He looked for bleedin' Kansas, but dat's "blayed out," dey say; de whisky keg's de only dings dat's bleedin' dere to-day.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas, to see vot he could hear. He found soom Deutchers dat exisdt py makin' lager beer. Says he: "*Wie gehts du Alt Gesell?*" but no dings could be heard: dey'd growed so fat in Kansas, dat dey couldn't speak a vord.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas; py shings I tell you vot. Von day he meet a crisly bear dat rooshed him down *bei Gott!* Boot der Breitman *reason* mit der bear und bleased him fery much—for efery vordt de crisly growled *vas good Bavarian Dutch!*

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas: by donder dat is *so!* He ridet out upon de plains to shase de boofalo. He fired his rifle at de bools und gallop troo de shmoke, und shoomp de canyons shoost as if der tyfel vas a choke!

It's hey de trail to Sante Fe; it's ho! agross de plain. It's lope de Rocky Mountain road, until we toorn again. Und de railroad dravel after us apout as quick as we; dis Kansas ish de fastest land ash efer I did see.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas; he have a pully dime; but 'tvas in oldt Missouri dat dey rooshed him up sublime. Dey took him to der Bilot Nob, und all de nobs around; dey spreed him und dey tea'd him dill dey roon him to de ground.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas; troo all dis earthly land, a vorkin out life's mission here soobyectifly und grand. Some beoblesh runs de Beautiful, some works philosophie; der Breitmann solfe de infinide ash von eternal shpree!

Now, there cometh an end to all things, as Poemander saw from the starry height, when he pointed to Hermes the flaming road leading to the downward borne elements of GOD. Rush, rush, rattle, rattle went the cars, playing a harp and castanet refrain. Even when we stopped for that delicious supper at De Soto, the seconds keep dinning along, and

the night grew deeper, and we laughed a good time of it. And then there were songs in the cars—all the old songs I think I ever heard, from one sweet singer; and some were left at Carondèlét, and *there* the moon shone brighter than ever, and the shadows fell darker than ever, and we reached St. Louis.

I believe that Gideon ye Elder and myself, being the most "donce and canny" men of the party, were the only two that went to bed, that night. Early—very early in the morning we assembled at breakfast—and that was about the end. How we went onward, a small party—the *Tribune*, and the Doctor, and Browne, Benedict and Copley, and Gideon the elder, and all there were left of Gideon's band, it boots not to tell. Game were we all through, and cheerful to the last in our car. Young Gideon left us at Pittsburg; so did the accurate Copley; the *Tribune* took the shoot at Harrisburg, but glorious was Gideon ye elder and game to the end, drawing the last cork of the last bottle at Manayunk.

We had gone like scholars reading Hebrew lore from right to left across the broad page of America, when we were westward bound—and now as we returned, we translated the trip from left to right into a more familiar home-tongue. Sometimes too it happened that I observed something which had been whilome "skipped over" like a difficult sentence, the full meaning of which had been mastered at a later day. Such was one of the first objects which I mentioned in my first letter—I refer to the handsome edifice belonging to the Pennsylvania Steel Company, near Harrisburg. And having had it specially self-impressed in my mind to speak in detail of all industrial enterprises like this—of course I softly neglected to allude to it.

And yet the enterprise is one which appeals to every patriotic American.

For its object is, as I learn, to make from native ores and minerals, and by means of native or naturalized skill, those articles of steel which are now almost exclusively imported from Europe.

The dependence of American Consumers upon England and Prussia for this class of material is now entire, and should any unforseen event cause a suspension of intercourse between America and those countries we should be left almost without any capacity to produce steel for cannon, projectiles and other articles of military necessity, and our roads would be left with no source from which to obtain tire, rails and similar articles of steel, for which we now depend upon foreign manufacturers.

The greatest industrial advance of this demi-decade is the substitution of steel for iron, on railroads or in artillery, and it is with a view to this that the "Bessemer building" is erected, and I am glad to learn that the citizens of Harrisburg were so penetrated with the importance of this

truly *national* enterprise, as to present to it the eighty acres of land on which the buildings stand.

"There!—there is Fairmount!"

"And here is the depot. Good-bye!"

As Mr. Browne passed with me to the door, I heard an individual in a soldier coat remark, "I guess them fellows hev been in the Injun country."

The remark was not unnatural, for Browne bore two wolf-skins and the hide of a calf-buffalo, while I carried with my Indian blankets, a pair of buffalo horns, (*the* buffalo,) a Kaw whip and other trophies of the plains. And three thousand miles in a railroad car had strengthened and browned us up, and worn out our haversacks, and I felt altogether as many a man among my readers has felt when his wanderings on the war path were over—and Johnny came marching home.

So endeth the gayest diversion which this party ever took a hand in. And, reader, if the record thereof read somewhat too rosily and ripely, here and there, then do thou go and do likewise on one rolling pic-nic across the plains, and then see what you think of it. *Valete et plaudite.*

POST SCRIPT.

While these sheets were going, like apples on their way to cider, through the press, I received the following note from a friend who was not the least among those who gave life to our trip to "Riley:"

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 29, 1866.

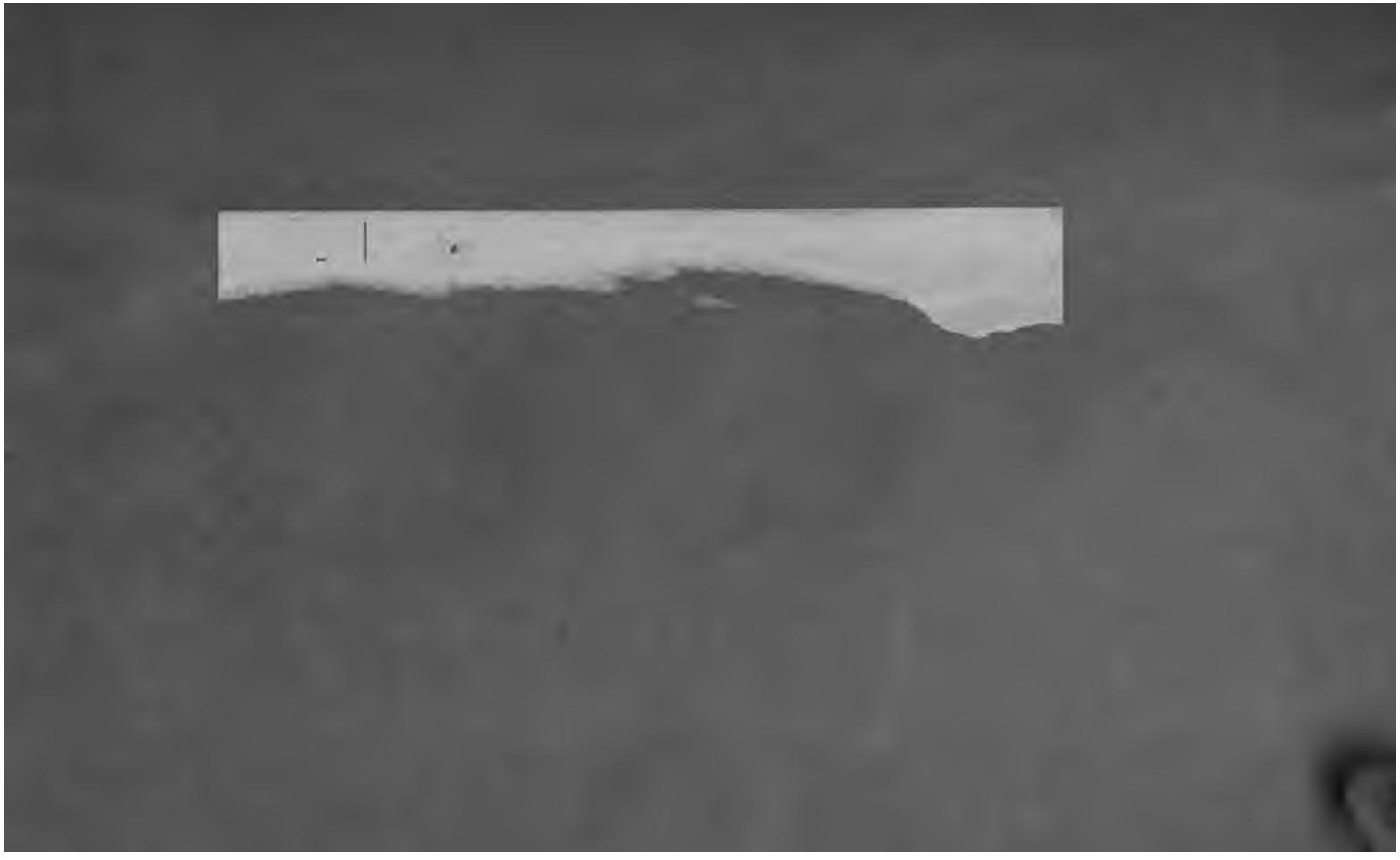
DEAR MR. L.:

On the tenth page, seventh line from the bottom, the printer has made you say "this distance *would be went through*." *Let her went* is of course classical American; but I think it may be doubted whether "would be went" has yet been adopted into our language, though I have met with its equivalents occasionally in Western newspapers. Perhaps you were quoting the Chicago journal verbatim, and in that case quotation marks would be advisable.

Yours, truly,

Thou art right, oh, writer, and writest well! But if the printer made me say *that*, think of what I have made the printer say, and reflect how terribly the odds are against him. But where that *went* came from no man knoweth. Proof readers have queried it, the author hath bewailed it—and there it remains! That it was in the original copy is true—but who wrote the original? Truly was it said of old that *litera scripta manet*, "what is written remains." But there is also another law adage, for the comfort of blunderers—*mala grammatica non vitiat chartam* —"bad grammar doth not vitiate the document"—and therewith let us be content. And the king said: "he is a shrewd miller who can take toll of a bell." "Yea, Sire," replied Papagallo, "even from the farina of the bell-flower, like a true Gristian, 'doeth he that."

THE END.



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